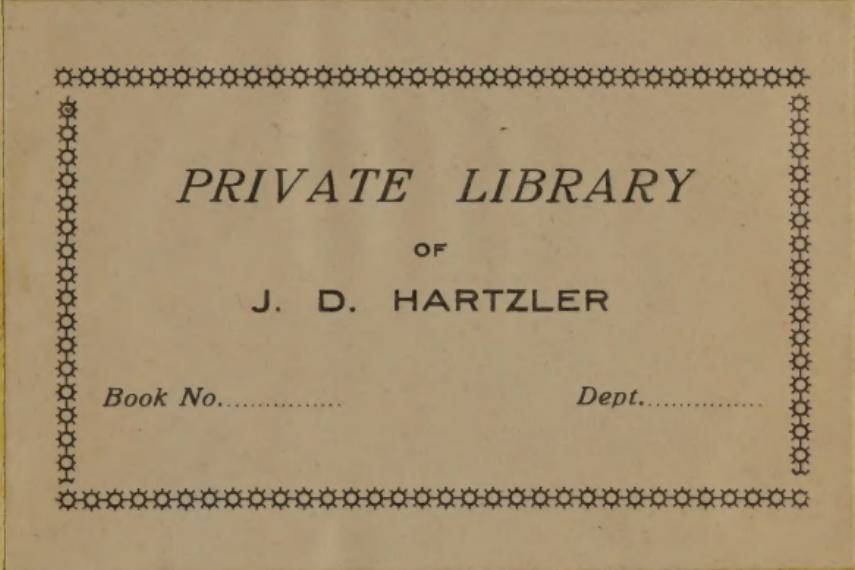


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MEMOIR OF "THEODOSIA."

It is a saddening and mysterious thought, that so many minds who loved and were beloved, who engaged in earnest meditation—in animated converse—in active benevolence,—are gone. They paced our gardens—dwelt in our chambers—worshipped in our sanctuaries: but the places which recently, or long since, knew them, know them no more. One by one they vanished—like shadows—into the Silent Land. A few of the more eminent are well remembered. Their published or reported words survive them. We have also, in most cases, their portraits. Speaking of one country, and of one sex, we may refer to a Hannah More, Elizabeth Fry, L. E. Landon, E. B. Browning, and others, as those whose memories still remain; or we may go back to a more distant age, where Lady Jane Grey, Rachel Russell, Lucy Hutchinson, stand forth brightly from the shadowy throng of the departed.

But, how many have had the flow of like feelings—the germs of like thought—the various charm by which the life of others was sweetened and embellished within the private circle—yet whose memory has faded, not merely from their immediate neighbourhood, but, in a following age, from the minds of their own kindred. Even where they have written, and their words have appeared from the press, the character, and sometimes the name, of the writer, has become unknown, or uncertain. Especially has this happened with regard to the authors of small lyric pieces and hymns. It is, besides, nearly the same thing, whether the author's name be wholly lost, or whether, that being preserved, no biography can be connected with it. If, even as to names which have

acquired world-wide celebrity, it is still true, that "when we say Cæsar conquered Pompey, little more is told than that somebody conquered somebody," * much more is our conception of the personality lost, when no biography attaches to the name.

Some hymns of "Steele" are scattered through various collections, but it may be, that after the lapse of almost a century, scarcely one of twenty who use them, knows any thing of their author's character and life. They were extracted from volumes published under the name of "Theodosia;" adopted, probably, from the habit prevalent with certain letter-writers in that day, of addressing each other by assumed names—sometimes not so well chosen as this, but more of the idyllic cast. A christian correspondent, Mr. Pear-sall, wrote: "Miss H. L. has been so much my friend, as to put into my hand a volume of divine poems, by 'Theodosia,' a proper name, indeed—'The Gift of God,' for she is eminently so in this world of ours." Such "names of the pen," however, like masks, might be declined or dropt; while the affected baptismal names now frequently given cannot be so dismissed. "Theodosia's" real name was brief and simple—Anne Steele. Miss Steele was the descendant of a family who had inhabited, very many years, the village of Broughton, in Hampshire. The character of her forefathers may be most justly and authentically given, almost in the words of her niece, the late Mrs. Dunscombe. Speaking of Mr. William Steele (her own father, and the brother of Theodosia), that lady wrote: "He departed this life Dec. 21, 1785—aged 71. Were his character to be truly delineated, to those who knew him not it would appear more like the effusion of partial affection, than a just description. In him were united the qualities that adorn the gentleman, endear the husband and father, and ennoble the christian."

She adds of his sister, known as "Theodosia,"—"Her

* Wollaston, p. 118.

writings cannot fail to excite admiration, as long as a taste for true piety and genuine poetry shall survive ;” and then proceeds to say : “ Their father, Mr. William Steele, senior, was for many years the faithful and affectionate pastor of an affectionate and harmonious Baptist congregation at Broughton, where the family had very long resided, and where his memory is still held in the highest veneration. The church over which he presided may be traced up to the times of the Commonwealth. The tolerant spirit of Cromwell brought out of obscurity, and into visible fellowship, in various parts of the country, great numbers who were dissatisfied with the point to which the sovereigns of England had permitted the Reformation to be carried. He (Mr Steele) was a man of primitive piety, the strictest integrity, and the most amiable simplicity of manners. The powers of his mind were vigorous, his ministerial abilities great and peculiarly his own ; but they were accompanied by the most unaffected humility. He was an uncommon instance of how much may be done by regularity and diligent improvement of time. Without infringing on the duties of his pastoral office (though he wrote his sermons at length, and did not use short-hand), he carried on extensive business as a timber-merchant, like his uncle ; and as, by the blessing of Providence, he possessed a comfortable independence, his labours in the ministry were all gratuitous. He died Sept. 10, 1769, when only a month less than eighty, after having preached to one congregation sixty years—half that time occasionally, as a deacon, the remaining half as their pastor. On the day fortnight preceding his death, he preached with his usual propriety and animation.”

Mr. Henry Steele, the uncle of that good man, had been, in the year 1699 (as is stated in the diary of the Rev. Dr. Steadman), “ ordained pastor of the church (at Broughton), and held that office during forty years.” He gave “ cottages and a burying-ground to the church, and fitted up their place of worship in a very neat substantial manner :” and that his labours, *also*, were

gratuitous, is implied in a following passage. "He was a man of exemplary piety, of great simplicity and industry. On Lord's days he spent the interval of worship with his friends in the meeting-house; and it was said by many who remembered him, that his conversation, during those interviews, was as beneficial as his preaching, if not more so. He was so much followed in his native village, that, at the visitation, the clergyman of Broughton complained that one Henry Steele had set up preaching, and had drawn all the people after him, asking advice of the bishop as to how he should best oppose him; who said: "Go home, and preach better than Henry Steele, and the people will return." As this probably occurred between 1699 and 1710, I infer that the bishop was Dr. Gilbert Burnet, the eminent bishop of that see from 1689 to 1714. Henry Steele died in 1739—aged 85. He had been in business, as a contractor for the navy, purchasing timber for Portsmouth Dockyard. In this department he was so far prosperous, as to be enabled to leave to each of his grand-daughters an estate of considerable value. He was succeeded, in his pastorate, by his nephew, Mr. William Steele, before named ("Theodosia's" father), who, in ministerial qualifications, was his superior, and by no means his inferior in other respects."

This latter "left a son of his own name, who was distinguished for his piety, benevolence, and attachment to the congregation; but did not preach. He died universally lamented:" (in 1785, as mentioned above.)

"For nearly a century, the Steele family ranked high among the friends and supporters of the interests of religion in that district, and of that section of the church, in particular, to which they showed an undeviating attachment. Those of them who preached, not only *gave* their labours, but were the chief contributors whenever money was called for; as well as generous givers both to those in the neighbourhood and from a distance. The places of worship were pro-

vided and fitted up principally at their expense: not splendid edifices, but convenient, and adapted to the simplicity of the times, and of the persons who occupied them."

Those who can rightly value the character and writings of "Theodosia," will, it is believed, welcome these details concerning her parentage and near ancestors.

Although we are not used, or entitled, to speak of inherited piety—as we sometimes have cause to do of inherited talent,—yet may it be rightly believed, that a peculiar blessing—except abused and forfeited, as too often it has been—rests on the descendants of devout men. Doubtless, their warm intercessions have many a time invoked it on their children, and their children's children. It is still more certain, that the recorded example of pious forefathers, and their personal influence—where life has been spared to exercise it—are means the most powerful, and most precious, to lead the young mind towards the same happy course.

The characters and engagements of the excellent men whose lives have been referred to, would be treated by the irreligious with scorn—real or affected; and even by those of the religious whose judgments are cast in some ecclesiastical or hierarchical mould, may be regarded with alienation or disapproval; but others who possess a more enlarged catholicity, will honour conscientious and disinterested piety, with whatever errors they may deem it to have been alloyed.

Under such influences our authoress was born and brought up.

Her birth-place was the house represented in the prefixed wood engraving; but after her father's decease, in 1769, she removed to Broughton House, close by, which had been built by her brother, and in which she had previously sometimes staid with him. It was in a scene well adapted to nourish a poetical taste: a retired country-house, near a pleasant village, surrounded by her father's fields, and by the Hampshire downs. A terrace-walk, looking down on their garden and shrubbery, bordered by an avenue of noble fir-

trees, afforded her much enjoyment, and, I doubt not, was the spot on which many of her compositions were begun, if not completed. It is a family tradition, that she there wrote the piece entitled—"A Rural Meditation," beginning :

"What soft delight the peaceful bosom warms !"

And, in a letter to her sister, we read : "I enjoy a calm evening on the Terrace Walk ; and wish, though in vain, for numbers sweet as the lovely prospect, and gentle as the vernal breeze, to describe the beauties of charming spring ; but the reflection, how soon these blooming pleasures will vanish, spreads a melancholy gloom, till the mind rises, by a delightful transition, to the celestial Eden—the scenes of undecaying pleasure and immutable perfection. This thought I have pursued in a few lines which I send you as the produce of your garden"—referring, as I conclude, to the "Meditation" above named.

I have had repeatedly the pleasure and privilege to visit that residence, and to walk in that avenue of trees—since fallen : sometimes alone, musing on the deceased, whose hymns had there been meditated, and perhaps, in loneliness, recited by her : sometimes with my revered friend, her niece, whose name, also, had been Anne Steele, who became the wife of Joseph Tomkins, Esq., and (as his widow) ended her honoured and beneficent course, at the age of 90. It was after one of these visits, that I addressed to her some lines, beginning thus :

Still I seem musing in your rustic bower,
Under that moss-deck'd roof ; and gaze, in thought,
Down the soft turfy vista, where, between
Those aged pines (friends of your infancy),
The fleeting sunshine and the broader shade
Picture our path to heaven. I trace the walk,
Where, at this noontide-hour, no foot perhaps
Is seen : but thought hath peopled it. I see,
In fancy's telescopic mirror, forms
Of some that were—that *are*—that *would* be there.

I mark the forms that *were* there : those who walk'd
With God, and spake to artless minds of Him ;

And, with them, one who pour'd a sylvan strain
Of meek devotion in those quiet shades—
Bequeathing thence her christian heart and hope
To other generations.*

That venerable lady loved to speak of the good aunt, whom she had known in infancy. I find her frequently referred to, in the excellent letters of Mr. Steele to his eldest daughter, as the “dear little Nancy, more and more entertaining.” Strange and affecting is it, to read of her as a prattling infant once, whom one knew first in her matronly life, and revered afterwards in her still bright and animated kindness, though in very advanced old age.

“Theodosia” appears, from what remains of her correspondence, to have had very delicate and somewhat enfeebled health from her youth. It is also known, from another source, though not adverted to in any writing or communication of her own which has been preserved, that a prospect of marriage was broken off by an event which must have deeply shocked so susceptible a mind: the friend to whom she was engaged having accidentally lost his life by drowning.

These circumstances were, no doubt, adapted to give a deeply pensive turn to her feelings and her performances. She ever wrote—though with a lively sense of the beauties of nature, and a joyful gratitude for the divine bounties,—yet with a deep sense of the transitoriness of all things earthly, and an earnest desire for the promised rest of the saints. In congratulating a relative on her marriage, she says: “It would, I think, be trifling to wish you happy, without adding—for ever.” And, to her eldest niece, ten years old, on Jan. 5 (1763), she writes:—“My wishes for you reach farther than a year—beyond the short revolutions of time: I wish for you, my dear, a happy eternity; the only way to it is by the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.” Yet we learn from Dr. Caleb Evans, “she

* Christian Harp, p. 143.

possessed a native cheerfulness, which not even the agonizing pains of her latter days could deprive her of. In every short interval of abated suffering, she would, in a variety of ways, as well as by her enlivening conversation, give pleasure to all around her.”*

With respect to the pieces now re-published, I think it will be felt that “Theodosia’s” especial gift or talent was for the composition of *hymns*—a kind of composition in which minds both devout and poetic have often not excelled.

Her hymns have a quality which, though it may seem to verge towards mediocrity, has a peculiar value. They do not, on the one hand, rise to the level of a few admirable hymns which one could *select* from Charles Wesley, Watts, Cowper, or Doddridge; but, on the other, none of them have such faults as many hymns which those writers produced. If Miss Steele’s attempts fell short of their very highest successes, they are free from the defects of taste, and the excesses or errors of statement, which may be found, more or less, in the hymns of others. It would take too much space, and be not relevant to our immediate object, if I should specify such faults, even of our most valued hymn-writers. They consist mainly in repulsive figures or phrases; in topics not well chosen; sometimes in a too elevated strain of christian experience and prospect; sometimes in doctrinal matter in itself questionable, or presented in exaggerated terms. To those who read with just and refined appreciation, such criticisms must often suggest themselves.

But from these blemishes the hymns of “Theodosia” are exceedingly free: much the better fitted, therefore, than some others, for public use; and, I think, in the experience of many, for private reading also; although with this difference, that in public it is difficult to *alter* hymns judiciously, whereas, the private reader may omit, or change, according to feeling or choice. Miss Steele’s hymns are characterised by what is *most*

* Advertisement prefixed to Vol. III., of Edit. 1780.

valuable in that kind of writing—*simplicity* of thought and phrase, with devout and tender *emotion*. It is certain, therefore, that they nowhere have the faults of affectation—of sentimentalism—of pedantic diction,—which, though not to be found in the writers who have now been named, are not infrequent in the pages of *some others*.

It is painful to consider, also, that a few beautiful sacred lyrics have come from minds in whom they seem to have been prompted, if not by assumed or factitious sentiment, at least by a superficial and transient feeling. One may instance, in the fine hymn of Dryden : “Creator Spirit, by whose aid ;” and those of Thomas Moore : “The bird let loose in Eastern skies ;” “Thou art, O God, the life and light.”

On the contrary, how happy to know, that in many cases, and eminently in that of “Theodosia,” the most devout and benevolent motives actuated and impelled the writer : that the emotions expressed were ever genuine, and the faith which awaked them was true and operative. Her sentiments in regard to human praise are intimated in the piece entitled—“On hearing a friend commend my verses ;” but are given more distinctly in passages of her private correspondence. Thus, to a lady : “Your kind wishes for ‘Theodosia’ merit her grateful acknowledgments ; a real pleasure attends the being enabled to contribute in any measure to the rational entertainment of serious minds ; but who that asks, ‘what have I that I have not received,’ can have any claim to encomiums ?

“If aught you find in Theodosia’s lays,
To profit or to please, transfer the praise
To Him whose bounty every gift bestows ;
Since all unmerited that bounty flows.”

“If He condescend to animate and accept our humble wishes to praise him, not applauding worlds can bestow a pleasure to be named with the hope of this divine satisfaction !”

It ought to be added, that the pecuniary profit of her publication was wholly devoted by her, and afterwards

by her surviving relatives, to religious and charitable uses.

I would also remark, that it is certain very few books have been composed and published with more of genuine prayer (both by the writer and her friends), both personal and intercessory, for their specific usefulness. We are sure of the devout intercessions of her excellent father, although unwritten or not preserved; but we have the record of those written by her pious step-mother, in whose MS. diary I find the following:—"1757. Nov. 29. This day Nanny sent a part of her composition to London, to be printed. I entreat a gracious God who enabled and stirred her up to such a work, to direct in it, and bless it for the good and comfort of many." And again: "Oct. 1759.—Her brother brought with him her poetry, not yet bound. I earnestly desire the blessing of God upon that work that it may be made very useful. I can admire the gifts that others are blessed with, and praise God for his distinguishing favours to our family. I have now been reading our daughter's printed books, which I have earnestly desired might be accompanied with the Divine Spirit in the perusing." "Nov. 27.—Mr. W— spoke very highly in commendation of her book. I pray God to make it useful, and keep her humble." On the same subject Theodosia herself wrote to a friend:—"I often think of the poor woman's two mites cast into the treasury, and am encouraged by reflection on the gracious reception that little offering found." And to her "honoured father";—"as many of these verses have been favoured with your kind approbation, I have now at your desire collected them into a little book, which I beg leave to present to you as a humble acknowledgment of my grateful sense of your parental affection, and the benefit I have received from your instructions. If you should survive me, it will, I doubt not, be preserved by you (however inconsiderable its real value) as a mournfully pleasing remembrance of a departed child who once shared your tender regard.

If you think they are capable of affording pleasure or profit, you may if you please communicate any of them to friends or fellow-christians. They may, perhaps, find seasons when the thoughts of the unworthy writer may suit their own, and the resemblance produce delight. If while I am sleeping in the silent grave, my thoughts are of any real benefit to the meanest of the servants of my God, be the praise ascribed to the almighty Giver of all grace." This letter appears to have been written in that weak and threatening state of bodily health which was very habitual to her. I cannot refrain from adding the lines which conclude it, "May this blessed hope [of Christ's finished redemption] cheer my soul amidst the pangs of dissolution : may the blissful smiles of my Redeemer illuminate the gloomy shades of death, and point out my passage to the mansions of eternal day ; that I may be able to say in the full evidence of faith and hope, I am going to be 'ever with the Lord : '—then shall my God be glorified, and my dear relatives comforted, in my death. May the Almighty long preserve your valuable life, and continue to make you a blessing to your family, a useful instructor to the people under your care, and an ornament to religion,—is the ardent wish and prayer of, dear and honoured father, your ever dutiful and grateful daughter, Anne Steele."

Nor can I quote these closing lines, without remarking, that such filial love and reverence for a parent is among the clearest and most pleasing marks of Christian character ; and that the temper and habit of not a few young persons, in our more self-sufficient age, might be much improved by the study and earnest imitation of so lovely an example.

In connection with these passages I quote the words of Dr. Evans relating to Theodosia's last illness and death, which took place in 1778, at the age of 61.

"Having been confined to her chamber for some years, she had long waited with Christian dignity for the awful hour. She often spoke, not merely with tranquillity, but with joy, of her decease. When the

hour came she welcomed its arrival, and though her feeble body was excruciated with pain, her mind was perfectly serene. She uttered not a murmuring word, but was all resignation, peace and holy joy. She took the most affectionate leave of weeping friends around her, and at length, the happy moment of her dismissal arriving, she closed her eyes, and with these animating words on her dying lips, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' gently fell asleep in Jesus." The following lines are inscribed on her tombstone in Broughton churchyard:—

Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue,
That sung on earth her great Redeemer's praise ;
But now in heaven she joins the angelic song,
In more harmonious, more exalted lays.

It is interesting and may be profitable, to ask ourselves,—who can compute the amount of edification and comfort, which has accrued to human minds from compositions such as Theodosia's,—sustained, and, as it were, hallowed, by a piety consistent and amiable as hers? Their influence on members of her own family, as I have reason to know from personal intercourse with her dear relatives, was deep, and has lasted long. This may be partially inferred likewise from a pathetic elegy by her eldest niece, mourning for her as

—“ that maternal friend, whose watchful care,
Whose fond assiduous tenderness, sustain'd
My helpless childhood ; whose instructive voice
(Sweet as the song of seraphs) mildly taught
My heedless feet the sacred path of virtue ;—
Methinks I hear that lov'd, that well-known voice,
Ev'n from the grave, direct my erring mind
Beyond death's dreary realms to fairer scenes.
Yes, 'tis her gentle language—

‘ Seek a friend

That lives for ever !’——

O let me, with a miser's care, recall
And treasure up each dear instructive sentence !
Still let me dwell on her inspiring page,
And bathe it with the grateful tears of Love.”

Doubtless, a measure of that reverential regard which

her character and writings awakened, extended through a wide circle of Christian friends of her family, and even of many to whom she had been personally unknown. It is a pleasure to record a particular instance of this, which, though it has a special interest for myself alone, will, I trust, not be unacceptable to the Christian reader.

I find in my copy of a former edition of the poems, many pencil marks and notes of my own beloved mother, evincing the deep sympathy with which *she* had perused them. This manuscript note was from her hand:—"May I ever remember the morning of May 4, 1822, when I fell in my room, and for a minute lost the use of my limbs, but was soon able to rise and walk." It was appended to the piece which concludes

"Be earth's quick-changing scenes or dark or fair,
On thy kind arm O bid my soul recline :
Be heaven-born hope (kind antidote of care)
And humble cheerful resignation mine." *

I must add, that when this dear parent, two years later, had been struck by paralysis, and was departed, we found in her writing desk, the following verse very recently copied by her hand.

"Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
Which sets my longing soul at large,
Unbinds my chains, breaks up my cell,
And gives me with my God to dwell."

The verse indeed is from a hymn not of "Theodosia," but of Dr. Gibbons.

It illustrates, however, like the former, the value of such compositions to Christian readers, in the hour of sorrow, and in the anticipation of death.

All this is expressed more warmly and strongly than in my imperfect sketch, by the following passage from an American magazine, "The Presbyterian," which appeared in a "Chapter on Hymnology," by the Rev. Shem Evans.† "Her life ("Theodosia's,") was spent in unrecorded deeds of benevolence, in pious filial minis-

* See p. 256. † In Baptist Magazine, October, 1859.

tration to an aged father, and in the daily deaths of a protracted illness. Unlike some other sacred lyrists, she has found no biographers. Perhaps the current of her life flowed too smoothly to invite any one to follow it. She founded no church, built no chapels, went on no foreign mission. She only wrote a few of the sweetest hymns ; but in thus using the poetical talent, which she recognized as divine, she did that which exceeds in importance and value, the works of many who have filled more conspicuous places in the history of the church and of the world. Her usefulness has far distanced her fame : she exerts an influence where her history is unknown ; she ministers by many a sick bed ; she furnishes the song in many a night of affliction. Every Sabbath hears her hymns, in hundreds, nay, thousands of sanctuaries. The words which she wrote in tedious years of pain, are sung or read in a thousand closets.* Men use her hymns who never heard her name, and many a one has uttered his penitence and desires, in language whose author he never knew, until he joined with her in higher and holier songs before the Throne of God."

Such, recollections—whether of parents, or other dear relatives, or of near friends, or even ancestors of those friends not seen by us,—have a happy tendency to uplift our thoughts towards regions beyond earth and time. And those who, like myself, walk as it were on the margin of the great unseen land, and will soon have to cross its dark confine, ought daily to contemplate the hourly multiplying concourse there, and to feel (in some respects) as much or more associated with them, than with the ever-lessening circle of friends and coevals here. It is true, thanks to God, the very dearest are still left to us, upholding, I trust, if it be His will, our latest steps : but, ere long, both we and they shall be severed from all that

* That this may not seem overstated, I mention from the same authority, that her poems were reprinted in two vols. 12mo, at Boston, U.S., in 1808.

is mortal, and associated, we devoutly hope, with parents, sisters, friends, with a Theodosia and her honoured forefathers and their descendants, and an innumerable ransomed company, in lyric praises unspeakably more perfect, in the bliss-inspiring presence of Him in whom they trusted, and by whom they were redeemed. If Socrates, in the hope of meeting Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod, could say, "I am willing to die many times, if this be true,"* how much more we, who hope to be reunited with the spirits of the just, in the abode of Him who by his self-humiliation brought us thither; who is the author, the leader, and the theme of the "new song;" of that everlasting anthem which extols love's divinest triumph!

It is this expectation which makes sacred poetry refreshing and animating to Christian minds; the hope that we and ours, who may have faltering hearts or voices now, shall join the exalted lyrists there, in higher harmonies than any we have listened to below, which were here but lisplings of infancy (as they who uttered them best knew) but will then be expanded and perfected, with divine variations, in the Great Forerunner's home.

THE COTTAGE, FROME,

J. S.

February, 1863.

* ἐγὼ μὲν γὰρ πολλάκις ἐθέλω τεθνάναι, εἰ ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἀληθές.—Platon. Opp. Edit. Stallb. T.I. 57.



Broughton Church, Hants.

HYMNS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

HYMN I.

Desiring to praise God.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Author of my frame,
To thee my vital powers belong ;
Thy praise, (delightful, glorious theme !)
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.
- 2 My heart, my life, my tongue are thine :
Oh be thy praise their blest employ !
But may my song with Angels' join ?
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy ?
- 3 Thy glories, the seraphic lyre
On all its strings attempts in vain ;
Then how shall mortals dare aspire
In thought, to try th' unequal strain ?
- 4 Yet the great Sovereign of the skies
To mortals bends a gracious ear ;
Nor the mean tribute will despise,
If offer'd with a heart sincere.
- 5 Great God, accept the humble praise,
And guide my heart, and guide my tongue,
While to thy name I trembling raise
The grateful, though unworthy song.

HYMN II.

Imploring Divine Influence.

- 1 **M**Y God, whene'er my longing heart
The praiseful tribute would impart,
In vain my tongue with feeble aim,
Attempts the glories of thy name.
- 2 In vain my boldest thoughts arise,
I sink to earth and lose the skies ;
Yet I may still thy grace implore,
And low in dust thy name adore.
- 3 O let thy grace my heart inspire,
And raise each languid, weak desire ;
Thy grace, which condescends to meet
The sinner prostrate at thy feet.
- 4 With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight ;
Then shall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praise my constant, blest employ.
- 5 Thy name inspires the harps above
With harmony, and praise, and love ;
That grace which tunes th' immortal strings,
Looks kindly down on mortal things.
- 6 O let thy grace guide every song,
And fill my heart and tune my tongue ;
Then shall the strain harmonious flow,
And heaven's sweet work begin below.

HYMN III.

Meditating on Creation and Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.
- 4 All rose to life at thy command,
And wait their daily food
From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
Exhaustless spring of good !
- 5 The meads, array'd in smiling green,
With wholesome herbage crown'd ;
The fields with corn, a richer scene,
Spread thy full bounties round.
- 6 The fruitful tree, the blooming flower,
In varied charms appear ;
Their varied charms display thy power,
Thy goodness all declare.
- 7 The sun's productive, quickening beams,
The growing verdure spread ;
Refreshing rains and cooling streams
His gentle influence aid.
- 8 The moon and stars his absent light
Supply with borrowed rays,
And deck the sable veil of night,
And speak their Maker's praise.
- 9 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear ;
And O, let man thy praise record ;
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

- 10 From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy power maintains ;
Thy tender mercy ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 11 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light posscest ;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.
- 12 Thy providence, his constant guard
When threatening woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.
- 13 On me that providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays ;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness, and thy praise.
- 14 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart ;
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

HYMN IV.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 COME heavenly love, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame,
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.
- 2 The Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

- 3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.
- 4 In our first parent's crime we fell ;
Our blood, our vital breath,
Deep ting'd with all the seeds of ill,
Sad heirs to sin and death.
- 5 Black o'er our wrath-devoted heads
Avenging justice frown'd ;
While hell disclos'd her deepest shades
And horrors rose around.
- 6 Wrapt in the gloom of dark despair,
We helpless, hopeless lay :
But sovereign mercy reached us there,
And smil'd despair away.
- 7 God's only son, (stupendous grace !)
Forsook his throne above ;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.
- 8 Th' Almighty former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
While angels view'd with wondering eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 9 The God in heavenly strains they sung,
Array'd in human clay :
Mysterious love ! what angel tongue
Thy wonders can display ?
- 10 Mysterious love, in every scene,
Through all his life appears :
His spotless life expos'd to pain,
And miseries and tears.

- 11 What blessings on a thankless race?
His bounteous hand bestow'd !
And from his tongue what wondrous grace,
What rich instruction flow'd !
- 12 The dumb, the deaf, the lame, the blind
Confess'd his healing power ;
Disease and death their prey resign'd,
And grief complain'd no more.
- 13 Infernal legions trembling fled,
Aw'd by his powerful word ;
And winds and seas his voice obey'd,
And own'd their sovereign Lord.
- 14 But man, vile man, his love abus'd,
Blind to the noblest good ;
Blasphem'd his power, his word refus'd,
And sought his sacred blood.
- 15 Still his unwearied love pursu'd
Salvation's glorious plan ;
And firm th' approaching horrors view'd,
Deserv'd by guilty man.
- 16 What pain, what soul-oppressing pain,
The great Redeemer bore ;
While bloody sweat, like drops of rain,
Distill'd from every pore !
- 17 And ere the dreadful storm descends
Full on his guiltless head,
See him by his familiar friends
Deserted and betray'd !
- 18 While ruffian bands the Lord surround,
Relentless, murderous foes ;
Meek, as a lamb for slaughter bound,
The patient sufferer goes.

- 19 Arraign'd at Pilate's impious bar,
 (Unparallel'd disgrace !)
 See spotless innocence appear
 In guilt's detested place !
- 20 When perjury fails to stain his name,
 The mob's envenom'd breath
 Extorts his sentence, " Public shame
 And painful lingering death."
- 21 Patient, the cruel scourge he bore ;
 The innocent, the kind !
 Then to the rabble's lawless power
 And rudest taunts consign'd.
- 22 With thorns they crown that awful brow,
 Whose frown can shake the globe ;
 And on their king in scorn bestow
 The reed and purple robe.
- 23 Ah ! see the fatal cross appears,
 Heart-wounding, dreadful scene !
 His sacred flesh rude iron tears,
 With agonizing pain.
- 24 Expos'd with thieves, to public view—
 Could nature bear the sight ?
 The blushing sun his beams withdrew,
 And wrapt the globe in night !
- 25 Then, Oh ! what loads of wrath unknown
 The glorious sufferer felt ;
 For crimes unnumber'd to atone,
 To expiate mortal guilt !
- 26 The Father's blissful smile withdrawn,
 In that tremendous hour ;
 Yet still the God sustain'd the man
 With his almighty power.

- 27 "Tis finish'd," now aloud he cries,
"No more the law requires ;"
And now, (amazing sacrifice !)
The Lord of life expires.
- 28 Earth's firm foundation felt the shock,
With universal dread ;
Trembled the mountain, rent the rock,
And wak'd the sleeping dead !
- 29 Now breathless in the silent tomb,
His sacred body lies :
Thither his lov'd disciples come,
With sorrow-streaming eyes.
- 30 But see the promis'd morn appear !
Their joy revives again ;
The Saviour lives ; adieu to fear,
To every anxious pain.
- 31 His kindest words their doubts remove,
Confirm their wavering faith ;
He bids them teach the world his love,
Salvation by his death.
- 32 Triumphant he ascends on high,
The glorious work complete ;
Sin, death, and hell, low vanquish'd lie
Beneath his awful feet.
- 33 There, with eternal glory crown'd,
The Lord, the conqueror, reigns ;
His praise the heavenly choirs resound
In their immortal strains.
- 34 Amid the splendours of his throne,
Unchanging love appears ;
The names he purchas'd for his own,
Still on his heart he bears.

- 35 Still with prevailing power he pleads
Their cause for whom he died ;
His Spirit's sacred influence sheds,
Their comforter and guide.
- 36 For them, reserves a radiant crown,
Bought with his dying blood ;
And worlds of light, and joys unknown,
For ever near their God.
- 37 O the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss, a boundless store :
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more.
- 38 I yield to thy dear conquering arms,
I yield my captive soul :
O let thy all-subduing charms
My inmost powers control !
- 39 On thee alone my hope relies ;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN V.

The Great Physician.

Luke vi. 19.

- 1 **Y**E mourning sinners, here disclose
Your deep complaints, your various woes ;
Approach, 'tis Jesus, he can heal
The pains which mourning sinners feel.
- 2 To eyes long clos'd in mental night,
Strangers to all the joys of light,
His word imparts a blissful ray ;
Sweet morning of celestial day !

- 3 Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,
The Lord, the Saviour bids you rise ;
New life and strength his voice conveys,
And plaintive groans are chang'd for praise.
- 4 Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie
Beneath the Great Physician's eye ;
Sin's deepest power his word controls,
That fatal leprosy of souls.
- 5 That hand divine, which can assuage
The burning fever's restless rage ;
That hand, omnipotent and kind,
Can cool the fever of the mind.
- 6 When freezing palsy chills the veins,
And pale, cold death already reigns,
He speaks ; the vital powers revive :
He speaks, and dying sinners live.
- 7 Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;
Diseases fly at thy command :
O let thy sovereign touch impart
Life, strength, and health to every heart !
- 8 Then shall the sick, the blind, the lame,
Adore their Great Physician's name ;
Then dying souls shall bless their God,
And spread thy wondrous praise abroad.

HYMN VI.

Longing Souls invited to the Gospel Feast.

Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart :
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him, the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In extasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN VII.

Light and Deliverance.

- 1 **T**HE weary traveller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.

- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of heavenly day
Lost weary sinners find ;
When mercy with reviving ray,
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves oppress'd with cruel chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose generous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end !
- 4 Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine,
Who ransoms captive souls,
Unbinds the cruel chains of sin,
And all its power controls.
- 5 Jesus, to thy soul-cheering light,
My dawn of hope I owe ;
Once wandering in the shades of night,
And lost in hopeless woe.
- 6 'Twas thy dear hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the prisoner free ;
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee !
- 7 But stronger ties than nature knows,
My grateful love confine ;
And ev'n that love, thy hand bestows,
Which wishes to be thine.
- 8 Here, at thy feet, I wait thy will,
And live upon thy word :
O give me warmer love and zeal,
To serve my dearest Lord.

HYMN VIII.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains, and woes ;
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

HYMN IX.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise :
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 Mercy, that rich unbounded store,
Does my unnumbered wants relieve ;
Among thy daily craving poor,
On thy all-bounteous hand I live.
- 3 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 4 Thy love and power (celestial guard)
Preserve me from surrounding harms :
Can danger reach me, while the Lord
Extends his kind protecting arms ?
- 5 My numerous wants are known to thee,
Ere my slow wishes can arise ;
Thy goodness measureless and free,
Is ready still with full supplies.
- 6 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.
- 7 When calm reflection finds a place,
How vile this wretched heart appears !
O let thy all-subduing grace
Melt it in penitential tears.

- 8 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus : his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 9 Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN X.

On a Stormy Night.

- 1 **L**ORD of the earth, and seas, and skies,
All nature owns thy sovereign power ;
At thy command the tempests rise,
At thy command the thunders roar.
- 2 We hear, with trembling and affright,
The voice of heaven, (tremendous sound !)
Keen lightnings pierce the shades of night,
And spread bright horrors all around.
- 3 What mortal could sustain the stroke,
Should wrath divine in vengeful storms,
(Which our repeated crimes provoke,)
Descend to crush rebellious worms ?
- 4 These dreadful glories of thy name
With terror would o'erwhelm our souls ;
But mercy dawns with kinder beam,
And guilt and rising fear controls.
- 5 O let thy mercy on my heart
With cheering, healing radiance shine ;
Bid every anxious fear depart,
And gently whisper, Thou art mine.

- 6 Then safe beneath thy guardian care,
In hope serene my soul shall rest ;
Nor storms nor dangers reach me there,
In thee, my God, my refuge, blest.

HYMN XI.

Searching after Happiness.

- 1 **O** HAPPINESS, thou pleasing dream,
Where is thy substance found?
Sought through the varying scenes in vain,
Of earth's capacious round.
- 2 The charms of grandeur, pomp, and show,
Are nought but gilded snares ;
Ambition's painful steep ascent,
Thick set with thorny cares.
- 3 The busy town, the crowded street,
Where noise and discord reign,
We gladly leave, and tir'd, retreat
To breathe and think again.
- 4 Yet if retirement's pleasing charms
Detain the captive mind,
The soft enchantment soon dissolves ;
'Tis empty all as wind.
- 5 Religion's sacred lamp alone,
Unerring points the way,
Where happiness for ever shines
With unpolluted ray:
- 6 To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the starry skies ;
Where pure, sublime and perfect joys
In endless prospect rise.

- 7 There Jesus, source of bliss divine,
Our glorious leader reigns :
He gives us strength to hold our way,
And crowns the traveller's pains,
- 8 Dear Saviour, let thy cheering smile
My fainting soul renew ;
Then shall the heavenly Canaan yield
A sweet, though distant view.
- 9 Be thy almighty arm my stay,
My guide through all the road,
'Till safe I reach my journey's end,
My Saviour, and my God.

HYMN XII.

Weary Souls invited to Rest.

Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 COME weary souls with sin distress,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest ;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

HYMN XIII.

Thirsting after God.

Isaiah xli. 17.

- 1 **W**HEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parch'd with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream ;
- 2 Should, sudden, to his hopeless eye
A crystal spring appear,
How would th' enlivening, sweet supply
His drooping spirits cheer !
- 3 So longs the weary, fainting mind,
Oppress'd with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.
- 4 Thus sweet the consolations are,
The promises impart,
Here flowing streams of life appear,
To ease the panting heart.
- 5 O may I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire ;
And still through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire.
- 6 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice ;
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

HYMN XIV.

The Favour of God the only satisfying good.

Psalm iv. 6, 7.

- 1 **I**N vain the erring world enquires,
For true substantial good:
While earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food.
- 2 Illusive dreams of happiness,
Their eager thoughts employ ;
They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss
Was visionary joy.
- 3 Begone, ye gilded vanities ;
I seek some solid good ;
To real bliss my wishes rise,
The favour of my God.
- 4 My God, to thee my soul aspires ;
Dispel the shades of night,
Enlarge and fill these vast desires
With infinite delight.
- 5 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heaven dawns in every ray ;
One glimpse of thee will glad my heart,
And turn my night to day.
- 6 Not all the good which earth bestows,
Can fill the craving mind ;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.
- 7 Should boundless wealth increase my store,
Can wealth my cares beguile ?
I should be wretched still, and poor
Without thy blissful smile.

- 8 Grant, O my God, this one request ;
 Oh, be thy love alone
 My ample portion,—here I rest,
 For heaven is in the boon.

HYMN XV.

The transforming Vision of God.

Psalm xvii. 15.

- 1 **M**Y God, the visits of thy face
 Afford superior joy,
 To all the flattering world can give,
 Or mortal hopes employ.
- 2 But clouds and darkness intervene,
 My brightest joys decline,
 And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
 This wandering heart of mine.
- 3 Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee ;
 Unsatisfied I stray :
 Break through the shades of sense and sin,
 With thine enlivening ray.
- 4 O let thy beams resplendent shine,
 And every cloud remove ;
 Transform my powers, and fit my soul
 For happier scenes above.
- 5 There Jesus reigns ! may I be cloth'd
 With his divine array ;
 And when I close these eyes in death,
 Awake to endless day :
- 6 To endless day ! to perfect life !
 To bliss without alloy !
 Where not the least faint cloud shall rise,
 To intercept the joy :

- 7 To view, unveil'd, thy radiant face,
Thou everlasting fair !
And chang'd to spotless purity,
Thy glorious likeness wear :
- 8 To feast, with ever new delight,
On uncreated good ;
And drink full satisfying draughts
Of pleasure's sacred flood.
- 9 O bliss too high for mortal thought !
It awes, and yet inspires :
Fain would my soul, unfetter'd, rise
In more intense desires.
- 10 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
To those transporting joys ;
Then shall I scorn each little snare,
Which this vain world employs :
- 11 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
I shall awake to bliss,
And in the likeness of my God,
Find endless happiness.

HYMN XVI.

The Joys of Heaven.

- 1 COME Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Then to the shining seats of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

- 3 Pleasures, unsullied, flourish there,
Beyond the reach of time :
Not blooming Eden smil'd so fair,
In all her flowery prime.
- 4 No sun shall gild the blest abode
With his meridian ray,
But the more radiant throne of God
Diffuse eternal day.
- 5 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease,
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 6 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more,
But cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 7 There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines ;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.
- 8 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 9 While sweet reflection calls to mind
The scenes of mortal care,
When God, their God, for ever kind,
Was present to their prayer ;
- 10 How will the wonders of his grace
In their full lustre shine ?
His wisdom, power, and faithfulness,
All glorious ! all divine !

- 11 The Saviour, dying, rising, crown'd,
Shall swell the lofty strains,
Seraph and saint his praise resound,
Through all the ethereal plains.
- 12 But oh ! their transports, oh ! their songs,
What mortal thought can paint ?
Transcendent glory awes our tongues,
And all our notes are faint.
- 13 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

HYMN XVII.

Humble Worship.

- 1 GREAT King of kings, eternal God,
Shall mortal creatures dare to raise
Their songs to thy supreme abode,
And join with angels in thy praise ?
- 2 The brightest Seraph veils his face ;
And low before thy dazzling throne,
With prostrate homage all confess
Thou art the infinite unknown.
- 3 Man, ah how far remov'd below,
Wrapt in the shades of gloomy night :
His brightest day can only show
A few faint streaks of distant light.
- 4 But see, the bright, the morning star !
His beams shall chase the shades away ;
His beams, resplendent from afar,
Sweet promise of immortal day !

- 5 To him our longing eyes we raise,
 Our guide to thee, the great unknown,
 Through him, O may our humble praise
 Accepted rise before thy throne.

HYMN XVIII.

Praise for National Peace.

Psalm xlv. 9.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
 A word of thy almighty breath
 Can sink the world, or bid it rise :
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
 And rage, and noise, and tumult reign ;
 And war resounds its dire alarms,
 And slaughter spreads the hostile plains ;
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
 And marks their course, and bounds their power ;
 Thy word the angry nations own,
 And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
 (Sweet peace ! with her what blessings fled !)
 Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
 All move subservient to thy will ;
 And peace and war await thy word,
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore ;
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
 Confess thy goodness and adore.

HYMN XIX.

The Voice of the Creatures.

- 1 **T**HERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies ;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around,
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads ;
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.
- 4 Almighty goodness, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads display ;
And bless the hand which made them shine,
With various charms profusely gay.
- 5 For man and beast, here daily food
In wide diffusive plenty grows ;
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet winding, gently flows.
- 6 By cooling streams, and softening showers,
The vegetable race are fed,
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.
- 7 The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise
Above the faint attempts of art ;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

- 8 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
 And trace creation's wonders o'er,
 Confess the footsteps of the God,
 And bow before him, and adore.

HYMN XX.

A Rural Hymn.

- 1 **T**O your creator, God,
 Your great preserver, raise,
 Ye creatures of his hand,
 Your highest notes of praise:
 Let every voice
 Proclaim his power,
 His name adore,
 And loud rejoice.

- 2 Let all creation join
 To pay the tribute due ;
 Ye meaner ranks begin,
 And man shall learn of you :
 Let nature raise
 From every tongue,
 A general song
 Of grateful praise.

Ye numerous fleecy flocks,
 Far spreading o'er the plain,
 With gentle artless voice
 Assist the humble strain :
 To give you food,
 He bids the field
 Its verdure yield ;
 Extensive good.

- 4 Ye herds of larger size,
Who feed in meads below,
Resound your Maker's praise
In each responsive low :
 You wait his hand ;
 The herbage grows,
 The rivulet flows,
 At his command.
- 5 Ye feathered warblers come,
And bring your sweetest lays,
And tune the sprightly song
To your Creator's praise :
 His work you are ;
 He tun'd your voice,
 And you rejoice
 Beneath his care.
- 6 Ye trees, which form the shade,
Or bend the loaded bough
With fruits of various kinds,
Your Maker's bounty shew :
 From him you rose ;
 Your vernal suits,
 And autumn fruits,
 His hand bestows.
- 7 Ye lovely, verdant fields,
In all your green array,
Though silent, speak his praise,
Who makes you bright and gay :
 While we in you,
 With future bread
 Profusely spread,
 His goodness view.

8 Ye flowers, which blooming shew
A thousand beauteous dyes,
Your sweetest odours breathe,
A fragrant sacrifice,
To him, whose word
Gave all your bloom,
And sweet perfume ;
All-bounteous Lord.

9 Ye rivers, as you flow,
Convey your Maker's name,
(Where'er you winding rove)
On every silver stream :
Your cooling flood,
His hand ordains
To bless the plains ;
Great spring of good !

10 Ye winds, that shake the world,
With tempests on your wing,
Or breathe in gentler gales,
To waft the smiling spring :
Proclaim abroad,
(As you fulfil
His sovereign will)
The powerful God.

11 Ye clouds, or fraught with showers,
Or ting'd with beauteous dyes,
That pour your blessings down,
Or charm our gazing eyes ;
His goodness speak,
His praise declare,
As through the air
You shine or break.

12 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sovereign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all-diffusive ray ;
 From morn to night,
 With every beam,
 Record his name,
 Who made thee bright.

13 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in shining hosts,
To gild the azure plain ;
 With countless rays
 Declare his name,
 Prolong the theme,
 Reflect his praise.

14 Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all the various powers
Assist th' exalted theme.
 Let nature raise
 From every tongue,
 A general song
 Of grateful praise.

15 But oh ! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow ;
And every thankful heart,
With warm devotion glow :
 Your voices raise,
 Ye highly blest
 Above the rest ;
 Declare his praise.

- 16 Assist me, gracious God,
 My heart, my voice inspire ;
 Then shall I grateful join
 The universal choir :
 Thy grace can raise
 My heart, my tongue,
 And tune my song
 To lively praise.

HYMN XXI.

God my Creator and Benefactor.

- 1 **M**Y Maker, and my King,
 To thee my all I owe ;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
 From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good, and kind,
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind,
 My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live :
 My God, thy benefits demand
 More praise than life can give.
- 4 Oh ! what can I impart,
 When all is thine before ?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart :
 The gift, alas, how poor !
- 5 Shall I withhold thy due ?
 And shall my passions rove ?
 Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
 And fill it with thy love.

- 6 O let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

HYMN XXII.

*Praise to God for the Blessings of Providence
and Grace.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
 Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
 In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
 Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 When reason with my stature grew,
 How weak her brightest ray !
How little of my God I knew !
 How apt from thee to stray !
- 4 Around my path what dangers rose !
 What snares spread all the road !
No power could guard me from my foes,
 But my preserver, God.
- 5 When life hung trembling on a breath,
 'Twas thy almighty love
That sav'd me from impending death,
 And bade my fears remove.
- 6 How many blessings round me shone
 Where'er I turn'd my eye !
How many pass'd almost unknown,
 Or unregarded, by.

- 7 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store:
But ah ! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 8 While sweet reflection, through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 9 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine ;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 10 'Tis here I view with pleasing pain,
How Jesus left the sky,
(Almighty love ! surprising scene !)
For man, lost man, to die.
- 11 When blest with some transporting view,
That Jesus died for me,
For this sweet hope what praise is due,
O God of grace, to thee !
- 12 And may I hope that Christ is mine ?
That source of every bliss,
That noblest gift of love divine—
What wondrous grace is this !
- 13 My highest praise, alas, how poor !
How cold my warmest love !
Dear Saviour, teach me to adore
As angels do above.
- 14 But frail mortality in vain
Attempts the blissful song ;
The high, the vast, the boundless strain,
Claims an immortal tongue.

15 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

16 Then shall my joyful powers unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

HYMN XXIII.

Christ the Way to Heaven.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all my hopes and comforts flow
Jesus, no other name but thine,
Can save me from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve ;
Thou art the true, the living way,
(Ordain'd by everlasting love,)
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depaart ;
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide,
Direct my steps, and cheer my heart.

5 Safe lead me through this world of night,
And bring me to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

HYMN XXIV.

Life and Safety in Christ alone.

John vi. 68.

- 1 **T**HOU only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend,—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call ;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care :
Depart from thee—'tis death, 'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

HYMN XXV.

An Evening Reflection.

- 1 **A**NOTHER day is past,
 The hours for ever fled,
And time is bearing me in haste,
 To mingle with the dead.
- 2 Perhaps my closing eyes
 No more may hail the light,
Seal'd up, before the morning rise,
 In everlasting night.
- 3 But I've a part to live,
 A never dying ray,
The soul, immortal, will survive
 The ruins of her clay.
- 4 This mortal frame must lie
 Unconscious in the tomb,
But oh ! where will my spirit fly,
 And what will be her doom ?
- 5 On the tremendous brink
 Of vast eternity,
Where souls with strange amazement shrink,
 What will my prospect be ?
- 6 When the dark gulph below,
 With death and horror fraught,
Reveals its scenes of endless woe—
 Oh dreadful, dreadful thought !
- 7 But lo ! yon shining skies
 Beam down a cheerful ray,
And bid my drooping hopes arise
 To glorious realms of day.

- 8 'Tis there my Saviour lives,
My Lord, my life, my light ;
His blissful name my soul revives—
Adieu to death and night.
- 9 He conquered death and hell,
And his victorious love
Shall bear his ransom'd friends to dwell
In his bright courts above.
- 10 Jesus ! and art thou mine ?
O let thy heavenly voice
Confirm my hope with power divine,
And bid my soul rejoice.
- 11 Then shall my closing eyes,
Contented, sink to rest ;
For if to night this body dies,
My spirit shall be blest.

HYMN XXVI.

The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here mines of heavenly wealth disclose
Their bright, unbounded store :
The glittering gem no longer glows,
And India boasts no more.
- 3 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find :
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

- 4 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 5 Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light, and food receive ;
Here shall the meanest guest have room,
And taste, and see, and live.
- 6 Amidst these gloomy wilds below,
When dark and sad we stray ;
Here beams of heaven relieve our woe,
And guide to endless day.
- 7 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 8 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United rend the heart,
Here sinners meet divine relief,
And cool the raging smart.
- 9 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 10 But when his painful sufferings rise,
(Delightful, dreadful scene !)
Angels may read with wondering eyes
That Jesus died for men.
- 11 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

- 12 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN XXVII.

The Influences of the Spirit of God in the Heart.

John xiv. 16, 17.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!
- 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great spring of comfort, life, and light?
- 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
- 4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- 5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?
- 6 What less than thy almighty word,
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

7 And when my cheerful hope can say
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN XXVIII.

Christ the Physician of Souls.

Jerem. viii. 22.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin hath made :
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 4 There is a great physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow ;
'Tis only this dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sovereign cure is found ;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

HYMN XXIX.

The Intercession of Christ.

Heb. vii. 25.

- 1 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives,
(What joy the blest assurance gives !)
And now before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts ;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power ;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great advocate, almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

HYMN XXX.

The Condescension of God.

1 Kings viii. 27.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power, almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thy abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.
- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye
The heavens no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.
- 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below,
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe?
- 4 But oh! to shew thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near—
Amazing and transporting grace
To dwell with mortals here!
- 5 How strange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all the exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.
- 6 While golden harps, and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God! permit our humble songs
To rise and sound thy praise.

HYMN XXXI.

The Heavenly Guest.

Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 **A**ND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door, shall Mercy stand
In all her winning forms?
- 2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?
- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due
Remain for ever barr'd?
- 4 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant power
The lodging has possess;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly guest.
- 5 Lord, rise in thy all-conquering grace,
Thy mighty power display;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.
- 6 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

HYMN XXXII.

God the Soul's only Portion.

Lam. iii. 24.

- 1 **I**N vain the world's alluring smile
Would my unwary heart beguile :
Deluding world ! its brightest day,
Dream of a moment, fleets away !
- 2 Earth's highest pleasures, could they last,
Would pall and languish on the taste ;
Such airy chaff was ne'er design'd
To feed th' immortal, craving mind.
- 3 To nobler bliss my soul aspires,
Come, Lord, and fill these vast desires ;
Be thou my portion, here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possessest.
- 4 O let thy sacred word impart
Its healing influence to my heart ;
With power, and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.
- 5 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat,
And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night :
- 6 Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies ;
And when these transient scenes are o'er,
And this vain world shall tempt no more :
- 7 O may I reach the blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell for ever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

HYMN XXXIII.

Faith in the Joys of Heaven.

2 Cor. v. 7.

- 1 **F**AITH leads to joys beyond the sky ;
Why then is this weak mind
Afraid to raise a cheerful eye
To more than sense can find ?
- 2 Sense can but furnish scenes of woe,
In this low vale of tears ;
No groves of heavenly pleasures grow,
No paradise appears.
- 3 Ah ! why should this mistaken mind
Still rove with restless pain ?
Delight on earth expect to find,
Yet still expect in vain ?
- 4 Faith, rising upward, points her view,
To regions in the skies ;
There lovelier scenes than Eden knew,
In bright perspective rise.
- 5 Oh ! if this heaven-born grace were mine,
Would not my spirit soar,
Transported gaze on joys divine,
And cleave to earth no more ?
- 6 If in my heart true faith appears,
How weak the sacred ray !
Feebly aspiring, prest with fears,
Almost it dies away.
- 7 O Thou, from whose almighty breath
It first began to rise,
Purge off these mists, these dregs of earth,
And bid it reach the skies.

- 8 Let this weak, erring mind no more,
On earth bewildered rove,
But with celestial ardour soar
To endless joys above.

HYMN XXXIV.

Strength and Safety in God alone.

Psalm cv. 4.

- 1 **P**ERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call,
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.
- 2 All I can wish is thine to give;
My God, I ask thy love,
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.
- 3 In these dark scenes of pain and woe,
What can my spirit find?
No happiness can dwell below,
To fill th' immortal mind.
- 4 To heaven my restless heart aspires :
O for a quickening ray,
To invigorate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.
- 5 The path to thy divine abode,
Through a wild desert lies ;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.
- 6 Satan and sin unite their art,
To keep me from my Lord :
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

7 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms,
For safety must be there.

8 My guardian, my almighty friend,
On thee my soul would rest ;
On thee alone, my hopes depend,
Be near, and I am blest.

HYMN XXXV.

A Funeral Hymn.

1 **W**HILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains,
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains !

2 But down to earth, alas, in vain
We bend our weeping eyes ;
Ah ! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upward learn to rise.

3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray,
And guides us from the darksome tomb,
To realms of endless day.

4 Jesus, who left his blest abode
(Amazing grace !) to die,
Mark'd when he rose the shining road
To his bright courts on high.

5 To those bright courts, when hope ascends,
The tears forget to flow ;
Hope views our absent happy friends,
And calms the swelling woe.

- 6 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies,
But lasting happiness explore;
And ask it from the skies.

HYMN XXXVI.

Sin the cause of Sorrow.

- 1 **T**HE pains that wait our fleeting breath,
Too oft my mournful thoughts employ ;
Amid the gloomy shades of death,
The hope of heaven is life, is joy.
- 2 But ah ! how soon the blissful ray,
With guilt o'ershaded, disappears ;
'Tis sin alone, that clouds my day,
'Tis sin alone, deserves my tears.
- 3 Yes, I have cause indeed to mourn,
When God conceals his radiant face ;
And pray and long till he return,
With smiles of sweet forgiving grace.
- 4 Then weep my eyes, complain my heart,
But mourn not, hopeless of relief ;
For sovereign mercy will impart
Its healing beams to ease my grief.
- 5 The Saviour pleads his dying blood,
Awake my hope, away my fears ;
Through him I'll seek my absent God,
Till his returning smile appears.

HYMN XXXVII.

Entreating the Presence of Christ in his Churches.

Hag. ii. 7.

- 1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear !
What rich unbounded grace !
- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies !
- 4 But ah ! the song, how cold it flows !
How languid our desire !
How faint the sacred passion glows,
'Till thou the heart inspire !
- 5 Come Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
'Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.
- 7 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

HYMN XXXVIII.

Desiring to Trust in God.

Isai. xxvi. 4.

- 1 GREAT source of boundless power and grace,
Attend my mournful cry ;
In the dark hour of deep distress,
To thee, to thee I fly.
- 2 Thou art my strength, my life, my stay,
Assist my feeble trust ;
Drive these distressing fears away,
And raise me from the dust.
- 3 O let me call thy grace to mind,
And trust thy glorious name ;
Jehovah, powerful, wise, and kind,
For ever is the same.
- 4 Here let me rest, on thee depend,
My God, my hope, my all ;
Be thou my everlasting friend,
And I can never fall.

HYMN XXXIX.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

Matt. xxvi. 41.

- 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !

- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian, and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN XL.

Divine Compassion.

Isai. xlix. 14, 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HE Lord forgets his wonted grace,
Afflicted Zion said ;
My God withdraws his smiling face,
Withdraws his heavenly aid.
- 2 Shall the kind mother's gentle breast
No soft emotion share ;
But, every tender thought suppress,
Forget her infant care ?
- 3 The helpless child, that oft her eyes
Have watch'd with anxious thought,
While her fond breast pleas'd his cries—
And can he be forgot ?

- 4 Strange as it is, yet this may be,
For creature-love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.
- 5 No, thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands ;
And never shall remove.
- 6 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh
Divine compassion hears.
- 7 These anxious doubts indulge no more,
Be every fear suppress ;
Unchanging truth. and love, and power,
Command thy cares to rest.

HYMN XLI.

Desiring Assurance of the favour of God.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires ;
O could I say, " The Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refin'd,
Substantial bliss, without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
Bid stormy trouble cease,
Spread the fair dawn of heaven below,
And sweeten pain to peace.

- 4 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
 Assure me of thy love :
 O speak the kind transporting word,
 And bid my fears remove.
- 5 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
 And triumph in my God,
 Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
 To spread thy praise abroad.

HYMN XLII.

Hope encouraged in the contemplation of the Divine Perfections.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind ?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?
 Can sovereign goodness be unkind ?
 Am I not safe, if God is nigh ?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand :
 That gracious hand on which I live,
 Does life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline ;
 The wondrous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread ! how bright they shine !
- 4 Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
 Unchanging faithfulness and love !
 Here let me trust, while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave ;
 A present help in times of need,
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And ease the sorrows of my breast ;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine,—and I am blest.

HYMN XLIII.

The Incarnate Saviour.

John i. 14.

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake the sacred song,
To our incarnate Lord :
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore th' eternal word.
- 2 That awful word, that sovereign power,
By whom the worlds were made ;
(O happy morn ! illustrious hour !)
Was once in flesh array'd.
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies ;
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.
- 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day :
With rapture then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay !
- 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !
With wonder we adore ;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

HYMN XLIV.

Faith in God in time of Distress.

Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **S**HOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign,
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the foodful grain :
- 2 Should lowing herds and bleating sheep
Around their famish'd master die ;
And hope itself despairing weep,
While life deplores its last supply :
- 3 Amid the dark, the deathful scene,
If I can say, the Lord is mine,
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives,
My nobler life he will sustain ;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.
- 5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die ;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 6 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine !
The barren desert shall rejoice,
'Tis paradise if thou art mine.

HYMN XLV.

Pardoning Love. Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 4.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, Return :
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
Oh take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine !
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore ;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN XLVI.

The Goodness of God.

Nahum i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his son, his only son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its divinest forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thy eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

HYMN XLVII.

True Honour. Dan. xii. 3.

- 1 **T**HERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the favourites of the Lord
With never fading lustre shine ;
Surprising honour ! vast reward
Conferr'd on man, by love divine !

- 3 How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road !
Happy the men, whom heaven employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God.
- 4 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;
And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus wrought, and God approves.
- 5 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know nor change, nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 6 No fancied joy beyond the sky,
No fair delusion is reveal'd ;
'Tis God that speaks, who cannot lie,
And all his word must be fulfill'd.
- 7 And shall not these cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view ?
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
Our feeble, dying strength renew.
- 8 On wings of faith and strong desire,
O may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies.

HYMN XLVIII.

Divine Bounty. Col. i. 19.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In thy beloved Son.

- 2 O wondrous gift of love divine,
Dear source of every good!
Jesus, in thee what glories shine!
How rich thy flowing blood!
- 3 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taste;
Behold a never failing store,
For every willing guest.
- 4 Here shall your numerous wants receive
A free, a full supply:
He has unmeasur'd bliss to give,
And joys that never die.
- 5 Can those, who hear the Saviour's voice,
Prefer earth's empty toys,
(Ah, wretched souls! ah, fatal choice!)
To everlasting joys?
- 6 Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee,
With sweet, resistless power;
Thy boundless grace, let rebels see,
And at thy feet adore.

HYMN XLIX.

The heavenly Conqueror.

Rev. iii. 21.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our victorious Lord,
The praises of our lives belong;
For ever be his name ador'd;
Sweet theme of every thankful song.
- 2 Lost in despair, beset with foes,
Undone, and perishing we lay;
His pity melted o'er our woes,
And sav'd the trembling, dying prey.

- 3 He fought, he conquer'd, though he fell,
While with his last expiring breath,
He triumph'd o'er the powers of hell,
And, by his dying, vanquish'd death.
- 4 Now on his Father's throne he reigns,
And all the tuneful choir above
Resound in high immortal strains,
The praises of victorious love.
- 5 Though still reviving foes arise,
Temptations, sins, and doubts appear,
And pain our hearts, and fill our eyes
With many a groan, and many a tear :
- 6 Still shall we fight, and still prevail,
In our almighty leader's name;
His strength, whene'er our spirits fail,
Shall all our active powers inflame.
- 7 Immortal honours wait above,
To crown the dying conqueror's brow,
And endless peace, and joy, and love,
For the short war sustain'd below.
- 8 Exalted near their Saviour's seat,
His saints shall dwell, their dangers o'er,
And cast their crowns beneath his feet,
And love, and wonder, and adore.

HYMN L.

Longing after unseen Pleasures.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes ;
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight ;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain !
With conscious sighs we own ;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ersshade the smiling noon.
- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall on faith's sublimest wing
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

HYMN LI.

The Christian's Prospect.

- 1 **H**APPY the soul, whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies !
He looks on all the joys of time,
With undesiring eyes.

- 2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear in vain.
- 3 He knows that all these glittering things
Must yield to sure decay;
And sees on time's extended wings,
How swift they fleet away!
- 4 Nor low to earth in sorrow bends,
When pains and cares invade;
With cheerful wing his faith ascends
Above the gloomy shade.
- 5 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view, his prospects rise,
All permanent and bright.
- 6 His hopes are fix'd on joys to come;
Those blissful scenes on high,
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.
- 7 O were these heavenly prospects mine,
These pleasures could I prove,
Earth's fleeting views I would resign,
And raise my hopes above.

HYMN LII.

Life a Journey.

- 1 **L**IFE is a journey, heaven my home,
And shall I negligently stray?
In paths of danger heedless roam,
Forget my guide, forget my way?

- 2 Think, O my soul, each flying hour
Thy folly chides, thy speed alarms ;
And shall an insect, or a flower
Amuse thee with their painted charms ?
- 3 Such are the objects earth displays
To tempt my stay, and gain my heart !
And shall I fondly, vainly gaze ?
Ye shining trifles, hence depart.
- 4 O think what glorious scenes above,
In bright unbounded prospect rise !
Nor let one vagrant passion rove,
Nor leave a wish below the skies.
- 5 But ah ! how weak my best desires,
My warmest ardours soon decay ;
My fainting soul till grace inspires,
Can ne'er pursue the heavenly way.
- 6 On thee I lean, all-gracious God,
O breathe new life through all my powers,
Teach me to keep thy sacred road,
And well improve my remnant hours.

HYMN LIII.

True Happiness to be found only in God.

- 1 **W**HEN fancy spreads her boldest wings
And wanders unconfin'd,
Amid the unbounded scene of things
Which entertain the mind :
- 2 In vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean, to make me blest.

- 3 In vain would this low world employ,
Each flatt'ring specious wile ;
There's nought can yield a real joy,
But my Creator's smile.
- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great spring of all felicity,
To whom my wishes tend,
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end ?
- 6 Thy favour, Lord, is all I want,
Here would my spirit rest ;
O seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

HYMN LIV.

Lasting Happiness.

- 1 **I**N vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind ;
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.
- 2 Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round,
And days, and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight ?
- 3 Arise my thoughts, my heart arise,
Leave this low world, and seek the skies ;
There joys for ever, ever last,
When seasons, days, and hours are past.

- 4 Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart,
Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
To pleasure perfect and sublime,
Unmeasur'd by the wings of time.
- 5 Let those bright worlds of endless joy,
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ,
No more, ye restless passions, roam,
God is my bliss, and heaven my home.

HYMN LV.

Bidding adieu to earthly Pleasures.

- 1 **Y**E gay deceivers of the mind,
Ye dreams of happiness, adieu ;
No more your soft enchantments bind,
This heart was never made for you.
- 2 The brightest joy your smile can boast,
Is but a moment's glittering light ;
It sparkles now, and now 'tis lost,
Extinguish'd in the shades of night.
- 3 Begone, with all your soothing charms ;
Pleasure on earth !—O empty name !
Superior joy my bosom warms,
And heaven approves the sacred flame.
- 4 To perfect bliss my soul aspires,
That shines with never fading ray !
No less can satiate my desires,
Than full delight, and endless day.
- 5 Blest be the kind, the gracious power,
That gently call'd and bade me rise ;
And taught my nobler thoughts to soar
To happiness beyond the skies.

HYMN LVI.

Longing for Immortality

2 Cor. v. 4.

- 1 **S**AD prisoners in a house of clay,
With sins, and griefs, and pains oppress'd,
We groan the lingering hours away,
And wish, and long to be releas'd.
- 2 Nor is it liberty alone,
Which prompts our restless, ardent sighs ;
For immortality we groan,
For robes and mansions in the skies.
- 3 Eternal mansions ! bright array !
O blest exchange ! transporting thought !
Free from th' approaches of decay,
Or the least shadow of a spot !
- 4 There shall mortality no more
Its wide extended empire boast,
Forgotten all its dreadful power,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.
- 5 Bright world of bliss ! O could I see
One shining glimpse, one cheerful ray
(Fair dawn of immortality !)
Break through these tottering walls of clay.
- 6 Jesus, in thy dear name I trust,
My light, my life, my Saviour God ;
When this frail house dissolves in dust,
O raise me to thy bright abode.

HYMN LVII.

At the Funeral of a Young Person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;
Behold the gaping tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,
May every heart obey,
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power ;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's surprising hour.

HYMN LVIII.

Sin the Sting of Death.

- 1 **D**EATH ! 'tis a name with terror fraught ;
It rends the guilty heart,
When conscience wakes remorseful thought
With agonizing smart.

- 2 'Tis guilt alone provokes that frown
Which all the soul alarms ;
Gives terror to the monarch's crown,
And conquest to his arms !
- 3 Dear Saviour, thy victorious love
Can all his force control,
Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
And cheer the trembling soul.
- 4 Victorious love ! thy wondrous power
From sin and death can raise ;
Can gild the dark departing hour,
And tune its groans to praise.
- 5 Then shall the joyful spirit soar
To life beyond the skies,
Where gloomy death can frown no more,
And guilt and terror dies.
- 6 No more, O pale destroyer, boast
Thy universal sway ;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost,
Thy night, the gates of day.

HYMN LIX.

The Presence of Christ the Joy of his People.

- 1 **T**HE wondering nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd,
And angels hail'd the glorious morn
That saw the great Messiah born :
- 2 The prince ! the Saviour, long desir'd,
Whom prophets taught, by heaven inspir'd,
And shew'd far off the blissful day,
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

- 3 Oft in the temples of his grace
His saints behold his smiling face,
And oft have seen his glory shine,
With power and majesty divine :
- 4 But soon alas, his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return ;
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die :
Return, and let thy glories rise,
Again to our admiring eyes :
- 6 Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

HYMN LX.

Absence from God.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye :
- 2 See ! low before thy throne of grace
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Has thou not said, Return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.
- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy :
Be this my solace, here below
And my eternal joy.

HYNM LXI.

Desiring a taste of Real Joy.

- 1 **W**HY should my spirit cleave to earth,
This nest of worms, this vile abode ?
Why thus forget her nobler birth,
Nor wish to trace the heavenly road ?
- 2 How barren of sincere delight,
Are all the fairest scenes below !
Though beauteous colours charm the sight,
They only varnish real woe.
- 3 Were I to mount the flying wind,
And search the wide creation round,
There's nothing here to suit the mind ;
On earth no solid joy is found.
- 4 Oh ! could my weary spirit rise,
And panting with intense desire,
Reach the bright mansions in the skies,
And mix among the blissful choir :

- 5 How should I look, with pitying eye,
On this low world of gloomy care,
And wonder, how my soul could lie
Wrapt up in shades and darkness there!
- 6 Say, happy natives of the sky,
What is it makes your heaven above?
You dwell beneath your father's eye,
And feast for ever on his love.
- 7 My God, thy presence can impart
A glimpse of heaven to earth and night;
O smile, and bless my mournful heart,
Sweet foretaste of sincere delight.
- 8 Then shall my soul contented stay
Till my Redeemer calls me home:
Yet let me oft with transport say,
"Come, O my Lord, my Saviour come."

HYMN LXII.

Humble Reliance.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, blissful name!
O may I call thee mine;
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear :
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.
- 5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart ?
- 6 If cares and sorrows me surround,
Their power why should I fear ?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
If thou, my God, art near.
- 7 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.
- 8 My God, my Father, be thy name
My solace and my stay ;
O wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away.

HYMN LXIII.

The Presence of God the Life and Light of the Soul.

- 1 **M**Y God, my hope, if thou art mine,
Why should my soul with sorrow pine ?
On thee alone I cast my care ;
O leave me not in dark despair.
- 2 Though every comfort should depart,
And life forsake this drooping heart ;
One smile from thee, one blissful ray,
Can chase the shades of death away.

- 3 My God, my life, if thou appear,
Not death itself can make me fear ;
Thy presence cheers the sable gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.
- 4 Not all its horrors can affright,
If thou appear, my God, my light ;
Thy love shall all my fears control,
And glory dawn around my soul.
- 5 Should all created blessings fade,
And mourning nature disarray'd,
Deplore her every charm withdrawn,
Light, hope, and joy, for ever gone.
- 6 Though nought remain below the sky,
To please my taste, my ear, my eye,
Be thou my hope, my life, my light,
Amid the universal night.
- 7 My God, be thou for ever nigh ;
Beneath the radiance of thine eye,
My hope, my joy, shall ever rise,
Nor terminate below the skies.

HYMN LXIV.

Resigning the Heart to God.

Psalm cxix. 94

- 1 **T**HEE, dearest Lord, my soul adores,
I would be thine, and only thine ;
To thee, my heart and all its powers,
With full consent, I would resign.
- 2 But ah ! this weak inconstant mind,
How frail, how apt from thee to stray ;
Trifles, as empty as the wind,
Can tempt my roving thoughts away.

- 3 Sure I am thine, or why this load
When earthly vanities beguile?
Why do I mourn my absent God,
And languish for thy cheering smile?
- 4 If thou return, how sweet the joy,
Though mix'd with penitential smart!
Then I despise each tempting toy,
And long to give thee all my heart.
- 5 Come, Lord, thy saving power display,
(Resistless power of love divine!)
And drive thy hated foes away,
And make me thine, and only thine.

HYMN LXV.

The Inconstant Heart.

- 1 **A**H! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart,
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love!
- 2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away,
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wandering mind.
- 3 Through all resolves, how soon it flies
And mocks the weak, the slender ties!
There's nought beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.
- 4 Jesus, to thee I would return,
At thy dear feet repentant mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

- 5 O let thy love with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul,
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

HYMN LXVI.

Cold Affections.

- 1 SURE I must love the Saviour's name,
Or is the heaven-born passion dead,
Extinguish'd the celestial flame,
And all my joys for ever fled?
- 2 At the sweet mention of his love,
How should the sacred ardour rise !
And every thought transported move
In grateful joy, and glad surprise.
- 3 Jesus demands this heart of mine,
Demands my wish, my joy, my care ;
But ah ! how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are !
- 4 What death-like lethargy detains
My captive powers with fatal art,
And spreads its unrelenting chains
Heavy and cold, around my heart !
- 5 'Tis sin, alas ! with dreadful power
Divides my Saviour from my sight ;
O for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, my wretched state,
And thy almighty power employ ;
To thee I seek, on thee I wait,
For life, and liberty, and joy.

- 7 O let thy love shine forth, and raise
My captive powers from sin and death ;
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.
- 8 Then bear me to the blissful seats
Of perfect freedom, life, and light,
Where thy redeem'd assembly meets,
To love and praise with full delight.
- 9 There shall my thoughts transported trace,
And all my soul for ever prove,
The boundless riches of thy grace,
The endless wonders of thy love.

HYMN LXVII.

The Example of Christ.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life !
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright !

- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labours of his life were love ;
 O ! if we love the Saviour's name,
 Let his divine example move.
- 6 But ah how blind ! how weak we are !
 How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be ;
 Make us, by thy transforming grace,
 Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN LXVIII.

Retirement and Reflection.

- 1 **H**ENCE, vain, intruding world depart,
 No more allure or vex my heart ;
 Let every vanity be gone,
 I would be peaceful and alone.
- 2 Here let me search my inmost mind,
 And try its real state to find,
 The secret springs of thought explore,
 And call my words and actions o'er.
- 3 Reflect how soon my life will end,
 And think on what my hopes depend,
 What aim my busy thoughts pursue,
 What work is done, and what to do.
- 4 Eternity is just at hand ;
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away ?

- 5 Eternity, tremendous sound !
To guilty souls, a dreadful wound ;
But Oh ! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents ! how divine !
- 6 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 7 But should my brightest hopes be vain,
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain !
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.
- 8 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

HYMN LXIX.

Hope in Darkness.

- 1 **G**OD is my sun, his blissful rays
Irradiate, warm, and guide my heart !
How dark, how mournful, are my days,
If his enlivening beams depart !
- 2 Scarce through the shades, a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes ;
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise ?
- 3 O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky ;
My glorious sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

- 4 Hope, in the absence of my Lord,
Shall be my taper ; sacred light,
Kindled at his celestial word,
To cheer the melancholy night.
- 5 O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in assurance die !
So tapers lose their feeble ray,
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

HYMN LXX.

Death and Heaven.

- 1 **O**FT have I said, with inward sighs,
I find no solid good below ;
Earth's fairest scenes but cheat my eyes,
Her pleasure is but painted woe.
- 2 Then why, my soul, so loath to leave
These seats of vanity and care ?
Why do I thus to trifles cleave,
And feed on chaff, and grasp the air ?
- 3 There is a world all fair and bright ;
But clouds and darkness dwell between ;
The sable veil obstructs my sight,
And hides the lovely, distant scene.
- 4 Whene'er I look with frightened eyes
On death's impenetrable shade,
Alas ! what gloomy horrors rise,
And all my trembling frame invade !
- 5 O death, frail nature's dreaded foe,
Thy frown with terror fills my heart ;
How shall I bear the fatal blow,
Which must my soul and body part ?

- 6 'Tis sin which arms his dreadful frown,
This only points his deadly sting ;
My sins which throw this gloom around,
And all these shocking terrors bring.
- 7 O could I know my sins forgiven,
Soon would these terrors disappear ;
Then should I see a glimpse of heaven,
And look on death without a fear.
- 8 Jesus, my Saviour, and my God,
To thee my trembling spirit flies ;
Thy merits, thy atoning blood,
On this alone my soul relies.
- 9 O let thy love's all-powerful ray
With pleasing force, divine control,
Arise, and chase these clouds away,
And shine around my doubting soul.
- 10 Then shall I change the mournful strain,
And bid my thoughts and hopes arise,
Above these gloomy seats of pain,
To glorious worlds beyond the skies.
- 11 With cheerful heart I then shall sing,
And triumph o'er my vanquish'd foe,
O death, where is thy pointed sting ?
My Saviour wards the fatal blow.
- 12 O when will that illustrious day,
When will that blissful moment come,
That shall my weary soul convey
Safe to her everlasting home ?
- 13 Then shall I leave these fetters here,
And upward rise to joys unknown ;
And call, without an anxious fear,
The fair inheritance my own.

- 14 Adieu to all terrestrial things ;
 Come bear me through the starry road,
 Bright Seraphs, on your soaring wings,
 To see my Saviour, and my God.

HYMN LXXI.

Redemption by Christ alone.

1 Peter i. 18, 19.

- 1 **E**NSLAV'D by sin and bound in chains,
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
 And doom'd to everlasting pains,
 We wretched, guilty captives lay.
- 2 Nor gold, nor gems, could buy our peace ;
 Nor the whole world's collected store,
 Suffice to purchase our release ;
 A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus the Lord, the mighty God,
 An all-sufficient ransom paid ;
 Invalued price, his precious blood,
 For vile rebellious traitors shed.
- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became,
 To rescue guilty souls from hell ;
 The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
 Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 5 Amazing goodness ! love divine !
 O may our grateful hearts adore
 The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
 Nor wear its cruel fetters more !
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue,
 The glorious work it has begun,
 Each secret lurking foe subdue,
 And let our hearts be thine alone.

HYMN LXXII.

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways !
How blind are we ! how mean our praise !
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore ?
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.
- 2 Thy deep decrees from creature-sight
Are hid in shades of awful night ;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God, I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be ;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.
- 4 Is darkness and distress my share ?
Then let me trust thy guardian care ;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.
- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
"That Christ is mine !"—this great request
Grant, bounteous God,—and I am blest.

HYMN LXXIII.

Refuge and Strength in the Mercy of God.

- 1 **M**Y God, 'tis to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies ;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

- 2 'Tis here, my faith resolves to dwell,
Nor shall I be afraid
Of all the powers of earth or hell,
If thou vouchsafe thy aid.
- 3 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou my God art near ;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
- 4 Against thy all-supporting grace
My foes can ne'er prevail ;
But oh ! if frowns becloud thy face,
Faith, hope, and life will fail.
- 5 My great protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart,
And let thy kind, thy gracious word,
Sustain my trembling heart.
- 6 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat ;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

HYMN LXXIV.

Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flowers.
- 2 Lord, teach me to adore thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow ;
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

- 3 Is health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God ;
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 4 While such delightful gifts as these,
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.
- 5 In griefs and pains thy sacred word,
(Dear solace of my soul !)
Celestial comforts can afford,
And all their power control.
- 6 When present sufferings pain my heart,
Or future terrors rise,
And light and hope almost depart
From these dejected eyes :
- 7 Thy powerful word supports my hope,
Sweet cordial of the mind !
And bears my fainting spirit up,
And bids me wait resign'd.
- 8 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :
- 9 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From every murmur free ;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And let me live to thee.
- 10 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
"My path of life attend ;
"Thy presence through my journey shine,
"And bless its happy end."

HYMN LXXV.

Desiring the Presence of God.

Isaiah l. 10.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs,
When will the mournful night be gone?
And when my joys arise?
- 2 My God—O could I make the claim—
My father and my friend—
And call thee mine, by every name,
On which thy saints depend!
- 3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred feet.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.
- 5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.
- 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs,
For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN LXXVI.

Christ the life of the Soul.

John xiv. 19.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires ;
Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky ?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure ;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immoveable the promise stands ;
Nor all the powers of earth or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here O my soul, thy trust repose ;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

HYMN LXXVII.

Aspiring towards Heaven.

- 1 **V**AIN world be gone, nor vex my heart
With thy deluding wiles :
Hence, empty promiser, depart,
With all thy soothing smiles.

- 2 Superior bliss invites my eyes,
Delight unmix'd with woe ;
Now let my nobler thoughts arise,
To joys unknown below.
- 3 Yon starry plains, how bright they shine,
With radiant specks of light ;
Fair pavement of the courts divine,
That sparkles on the sight !
- 4 'Tis distance lessens every star ;
Could I behold them nigh,
Bright worlds of wonder would appear
To my astonish'd eye !
- 5 Thus heavenly joys attract my eyes,
My heart the lustre warms ;
But could I reach those upper skies,
How infinite their charms !
- 6 Come, heaven-born faith, and aid my flight,
And guide my rising thought,
Till earth, still lessening to my sight,
Shall vanish, quite forgot.
- 7 But when to reach those blissful plains
Her utmost ardour tries,
And almost hears the charming strains
Of hymning angels rise :
- 8 Mortality, with painful load,
Forbids the raptur'd flight ;
In vain she means heaven's bright abode
And sinks to earth and night.
- 9 O let thy love, my God, my King,
My hope, my heart, inspire ;
And teach my faith with stronger wing
To rise, and warm desire.

- 10 Oft let thy shining visits cheer
This dark abode of clay,
Till I shall leave these fetters here,
And rise to endless day.

HYMN LXXVIII.

God my only Happiness.

- 1 **W**HEN fill'd with grief, my anxious heart
To thee, my God, complains,
Sweet pleasure mingles with the smart,
And softens all my pains.
- 2 Earth flies with all her soothing charms,
Nor I the loss deplore ;
No more, ye phantoms, mock my arms,
Nor tease my spirit more.
- 3 I languish for superior joy
To all that earth bestows ;
For pleasure which can never cloy,
Nor change, nor period knows.
- 4 Still, must the scenes of bliss remain
Conceal'd from mortal eyes ?
And must my wishes rise in vain,
And never reach the skies ?
- 5 My God, O could I call thee mine
Without a wavering fear,
This would be happiness divine,
A heaven of pleasure here !
- 6 This joy, my wishes long to find,
To this my heart aspires,
A bliss, immortal as the mind,
And vast as its desires !

HYMN LXXIX.

*Mourning the Absence of God, and longing for his
gracious Presence.*

- 1 **M**Y GOD, to thee I call—
 Must I for ever mourn?
So far from thee, my life, my all?
 O when wilt thou return!
- 2 Dark as the shades of night
 My gloomy sorrows rise,
And hide thy soul-reviving light
 From these desiring eyes.
- 3 My comforts all decay,
 My inward foes prevail;
If thou withhold thy healing ray,
 Expiring hope will fail.
- 4 Away distressing fears,
 My gracious God is nigh,
And heavenly pity sees my tears,
 And marks each rising sigh.
- 5 Dear source of all my joys,
 And solace of my care,
O wilt thou hear my plaintive voice
 And grant my humble prayer!
- 6 These envious clouds remove,
 Thy cheering light restore,
Confirm my interest in thy love
 Till I can doubt no more.
- 7 Then if my troubles rise,
 To thee, my God, I'll flee,
And raise my hopes above the skies,
 And cast my cares on thee.

HYMN LXXX.

God the only Refuge of the troubled Mind.

- 1 **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise :
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 While hope revives, though press'd with fears,
And I can say, my God,
Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 3 To thee, I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 4 But oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine !
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 5 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 6 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?
- 7 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer ;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

- 8 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN LXXXI.

Complaining at the Throne of Grace.

- 1 O'ERWHELM'D with restless griefs and fears,
Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,
With aching heart and flowing tears,
To pour my sorrows at thy feet.
- 2 Can mournful penitence and prayer
Address thy mercy-seat in vain ?
Unnotic'd by thy gracious ear,
Can sorrow and distress complain ?
- 3 Thy promises are large and free,
To humble souls who seek thy face ;
O where for refuge can I flee,
My God!—but to the throne of grace ?
- 4 My God ! for yet my trembling heart
Would fain rely upon thy word ;
Fain would I bid my fears depart,
And cast my burden on the Lord.
- 5 Thou see'st the tempest of my soul,
These restless waves of fear and sin ;
Thy voice can all their rage control,
And make a sacred calm within.
- 6 Amid the gloomy shades of night,
To thee I lift my longing eyes ;
My Saviour God, my life, my light,
When will thy cheering beams arise ?

- 7 My thoughts recall thy favours past,
In many a dark distressing hour,
Thy kind support my heart confess'd,
And own'd thy wisdom, love, and power.
- 8 And still these bright perfections shine,
Eternal their unclouded rays ;
Unchanging faithfulness is thine,
And just, and right, are all thy ways.
- 9 And can my vile ungrateful heart
Still harbour black distrust and fear ?
O bid these heavy clouds depart,
Bright sun of righteousness, appear.
- 10 Let thy enlivening, healing voice,
The kind assurance of thy love,
Relieve my heart, revive my joys,
And all my sins and fears remove.

HYMN LXXXII.

Submission to God under Affliction.

- 1 **P**EACE, my complaining, doubting heart,
Ye busy cares be still ;
Adore the just, the sovereign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.
- 2 Unerring wisdom guides his hand ;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.
- 3 To soften every painful stroke,
Indulgent mercy bends,
And unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.

- 4 Let me reflect with humble awe
 Whene'er my heart complains,
 Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
 How easy are my pains !
- 5 Yes, Lord, I own thy sovereign hand,
 Thou just, and wise, and kind ;
 Be every anxious thought suppress'd,
 And all my soul resign'd.
- 6 But oh ! indulge this only wish,
 This boon I must implore !
 Assure my soul that thou art mine,
 My God, I ask no more.

HYMN LXXXIII.

Trusting in the Divine Veracity.

- 1 **W**HEN sin and sorrow, fear and pain,
 My trembling heart dismay,
 My feeble strength, alas, how vain !
 It sinks and dies away.
- 2 My spirit asks a firmer prop,
 I lean upon the Lord ;
 My God, the pillar of my hope,
 Is thy unchanging word.
- 3 On this are built the brightest joys,
 Celestial beings know,
 And 'tis the same almighty voice
 Supports the saints below.
- 4 'Tis this upholds the rolling spheres,
 And heaven's immortal frame ;
 Then, O my soul, suppress thy fears,
 Thy basis is the same.

- 5 The sacred word, the solemn oath,
For ever must remain ;
I trust in everlasting truth,
Nor can my trust be vain.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Time flying and Death approaching,

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, nor slumbering lie
Amid the gloomy haunts of death ;
Perhaps the awful hour is nigh,
Commission'd for my parting breath.
- 2 That awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 3 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
And none resist the fatal dart ;
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to reach my heart ?
- 4 Shall gay amusements rise between,
When scenes of horror spread around ?
Death's pointed arrows fly unseen,
But ah, how sure, how deep they wound !
- 5 Think, O my soul, how much depends
On the short period of a day ;
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away ?
- 6 Thy remnant minutes strive to use,
Awake ! rouse every active power !
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little now ! this precious hour !

- 7 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
 With heavenly ardour, grace divine ;
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
 For strength, and life, and death are thine.
- 8 O teach me the celestial skill,
 Each awful warning to improve !
 And while my days are shortening still,
 Prepare me for the joys above.
- 9 Ensure my nobler life on high,
 Life, from a dying Saviour's blood !
 Then, though my minutes swiftly fly,
 They bear me nearer to my God.

HYMN LXXXV.

Victory over Death through Christ.

1 Cor. xv. 57

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my sight
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.
- 2 How shall I meet this potent foe,
 Whose frown my soul alarms ?
 Dark horror sits upon his brow,
 And victory waits his arms.
- 3 But see my glorious Leader nigh !
 My Lord, my Saviour lives ;
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.
- 4 Jesus, be thou my sure defence,
 My guard for ever near ;
 And faith shall triumph over sense,
 And never yield to fear.

- 5 O may I meet the dreadful hour,
With fortitude divine ;
Sustain'd by thy almighty power,
The conquest must be mine.
- 6 What though subdu'd this body lies,
Slain in the mortal strife,
My spirit shall unconquer'd rise
To a diviner life.
- 7 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
Accept the sacred trust,
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust :
- 8 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And cloth'd in full, immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.
- 9 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With glory to the Lamb :
- 10 O let me join the raptur'd lays,
And with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song.

HYMN LXXXVI.

Christ the Supreme Beauty.

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

- 1 **S**HOULD nature's charms to please the eye
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compar'd with thine.

- 2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store;
E'en brightness languishes to shade,
And beauty is no more.
- 3 But ah! how far from mortal sight,
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.
- 4 O could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour, and my King!
- 5 There myriads worship at thy feet,
And there, (divine employ!)
The triumphs of thy love repeat,
In songs of endless joy.
- 6 Thy presence beams eternal day,
O'er all the blissful place!
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face!

HYMN LXXXVII.

The Promised Land.

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains !
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns !
- 4 From discord free and war's alarms,
And want, and pining care ;
Plenty and peace unite their charms,
And smile unchanging there.
- 5 There rich varieties of joy,
Continual feast the mind ;
Pleasures which fill, but never cloy,
Immortal and refin'd !
- 6 No factious strife, no envy there,
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.
- 7 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 8 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.
- 9 The glorious monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace ;
His happy subjects sing his praise,
And bow before his face.
- 10 O may the heavenly prospect fire,
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

- 11 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high ;
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

The Heavenly Shepherd.

Psalm xxiii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **W**HILE my Redeemer's near,
 My shepherd and my guide,
 I bid farewell to anxious fear,
 My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
 Where rich abundance grows,
 His gracious hand indulgent leads,
 And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene,
 Cool waters gently roll,
 And kind refreshment smiles serene,
 To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest ;
 How sweet a lot is mine !
 With pleasure, food, and safety blest ;
 Beneficence divine.
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
 My wandering feet restore,
 To thy fair pastures guide my way
 And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy, as I am,
 Of thy protecting care,
 Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
 For all my hopes are there.

HYMN LXXXIX.

The Christian's noblest Resolution.

Joshua xxiv. 15.

- 1 **A**H wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways ;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

HYMN XC.

The Saviour's Invitation.

John vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls, let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain,
(Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

HYMN XCI.

Jesus the best Beloved.

- 1 **D**EAR centre of my best desires,
And sovereign of my heart,
What sweet delight thy name inspires !
What bliss thy smiles impart !
- 2 Jesus ! O loveliest, dearest name !
And wilt thou condescend
To own the bold, yet humble claim,
My everlasting friend ?
- 3 Too oft, alas, my passions rove
In search of meaner charms ;
Trifles unworthy of my love
Divide me from thy arms.

- 4 Ye teasing vanities depart,
I seek my absent Lord ;
No balm to ease my aching heart,
Can all your joys afford.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, with power divine,
And drive thy foes away ;
O be my heart, my passions thine,
And never, never stray.

HYMN XCII.

Desiring to know and love Him more.

- 1 **T**HOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 But ah, too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain ;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray,
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

- 6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love ;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

HYMN XCIII.

The Glorious Presence of Christ in Heaven.

John xvii. 24.

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns !
- 2 There low before his glorious throne
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs,
To boundless rapture while they gaze ;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the favourites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir ;
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place ;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

HYMN XCIV.

The Happiness of the Saints above.

John xvii. 24.

- 1 **O** COULD we read our interest here,
Jesus, in these dear words of thine,
A heaven of pleasure would appear,
A blissful view of joys divine.
- 2 Dear Saviour, let thy boundless grace
Remove our guilt, our fears remove ;
Then shall our thoughts with rapture trace
The radiant mansions of thy love.
- 3 There shall our hearts no more complain,
Nor sin prevail, nor grace decay ;
But perfect joy for ever reign,
One glorious, undeclining day.
- 4 No darkness there shall cloud our sight :
These now dejected feeble eyes,
Shall gaze with infinite delight
On the full glories of the skies.
- 5 There shall we see thy lovely face,
And chang'd to purity divine,
Partake the splendours of the place,
And in thy glorious likeness shine.
- 6 Yes, dearest Lord, to dwell with thee,
Thy praise our endless, sweet employ,
Must be immense felicity,
A full infinitude of joy !
- 7 O let thy spirit now impart,
The kind assurance of thy love,
With sealing power to every heart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN XCV.

Hymn to Jesus.

- 1 **J**ESUS, in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise !
Jesus, the Angel's sweetest theme !
The wonder of the skies !
- 2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine !
No thought of angels ever knew,
Compassion so divine !
- 3 Didst thou forsake thy radiant crown,
And boundless realms of day,
(Aside thy robes of glory thrown,)
To dwell in feeble clay ?
- 4 Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes ?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile rebellious foes ?
- 5 Through the deep horrors of thy pain
Then love triumphant smil'd ;
Earth trembled at the dreadful scene,
And heaven was reconcil'd.
- 6 Victorious love ! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour ?
- 7 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control ?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt the stubborn soul.

- 8 O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway,
Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.
- 9 Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more ;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

HYMN XCVI.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song !
O may his love, (immortal flame !)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy ;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise, our best employ.
- 4 Jesus who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this ?
- 5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

- 6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN XCVII.

Desiring to love Christ without wandering.

- 1 **Y**E earthly vanities depart,
For ever hence remove ;
Jesus alone deserves my heart,
And every thought of love.
- 2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustain'd the heavy load of guilt,
For lost rebellious worms :
- 3 His heart, whence love abundant flow'd
To wash the stains of sin,
In precious streams of vital blood—
Here, all my hopes begin.
- 4 Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove,
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injur'd love ?
- 5 Forbid it, Lord ; O bind this heart,
This rebel heart of mine,
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine,

HYMN XCVIII.

The exalted Saviour.

- 1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart, and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd,
Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!
- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place—
O what returns can mortals give,
For such immeasurable grace?
- 5 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store,
Nature and art with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor!
- 6 Yet though for bounty so divine,
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

HYMN XCIX.

The Wonders of Redemption.

1 Pet. iii. 18.

- 1 **A**ND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy ! love unknown !)
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead ;
For man, (O miracle of grace !)
For man the Saviour bled !
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood !
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul, adoring, bends
To love so full, so free ;
And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred power to me ?
- 6 What glad return can I impart,
For favours so divine ?
O take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

HYMN C.

Communion with Christ at his Table.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd!)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak and languishing and low ;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And worship at his glorious feet ;
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more ;
And while we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow,
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

HYMN CI.

Faith in a Redeemer's Sufferings.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.
- 2 But while thy sufferings I survey,
And faith enjoys a heavenly ray,
These dear memorials of thy pain,
Present anew the dreadful scene.
- 3 I hear thy groans with deep surprise,
And view thy wounds with weeping eyes,
Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
With anguish fraught, and pains unknown.
- 4 For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour dies :
What love, what mercy, how divine !
Jesus, and can I call thee mine ?
- 5 Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart ;
O may my future life declare
The sorrow and the joy sincere.
- 6 Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise ;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

HYMN CII.

A Dying Saviour.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies ;
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound ;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace !
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why ?
- 4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed ?
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No, he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain !
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy power impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

HYMN CIII.

Meditating on the Redeemer's Sufferings.

- 1 **R**ECALL, my heart, that dreadful hour,
When Jesus on the cursed tree
Infinite pains and sorrows bore—
Think, O my soul, was this for thee?
- 2 See, crown'd with thorns that sacred head,
With beams of glory once adorn'd !
That voice, which heaven and earth obey'd,
Is now by traitors mock'd and scorn'd.
- 3 And see those lovely melting eyes,
Whence kind compassion often flow'd,
Now rais'd imploring to the skies,
For harden'd souls athirst for blood !
- 4 Those healing hands with blessings fraught,
Nail'd to the cross with pungent smart !
Inhuman deed ! could no kind thought
To pity move the ruthless heart ?
- 5 But oh ! what agonies unknown,
His soul sustained beneath the load
Of mortal crimes ! how deep the groan
Which calm'd the vengeance of a God !
- 6 He groan'd ! he died ! the awful scene
Of wonder, grief, surprising love,
For ever let my heart retain,
Nor from my Saviour's feet remove.
- 7 Jesus, accept this wretched heart,
Which trembling, mourning, comes to thee ;
The blessing of thy death impart,
And tell my soul, 'tis all for me.

HYMN CIV.

Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.

- 1 **W**AS it for sin, for mortal guilt,
The Saviour gave his vital blood?
For sin amazing anguish felt,
The wrath of an offended God?
- 2 When bleeding, groaning on the tree,
He breath'd such agonizing cries,
When nature suffer'd, Lord, with thee,
And darkness cloth'd the mourning skies.
- 3 And shall I harbour in my breast
(Tremble my soul at such a deed)
This dreadful foe, this fatal guest?
'Twas sin that made my saviour bleed.
- 4 'Tis sin that would my ruin prove,
And sink me down to endless woe;
But O forbid it, heavenly love,
And save me from the cursed foe.
- 5 Ye sins, ye cruel sins, depart,
Your tyrant sway I cannot bear;
My rightful sovereign claims my heart,
Jesus alone shall govern here.
- 6 Come, glorious conqueror, gracious Lord,
Thy all prevailing power employ;
O come, with thy resistless word,
These hateful enemies destroy.
- 7 Guilty and weak to thee I fly,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my friend,
On thy almighty arm rely,
On thy atoning blood depend.

- 8 My all of hope is fix'd on thee,
For thou alone hast power divine ;
O come, and conquer, Lord, for me,
And all the glory shall be thine.

HYMN CV.

Christ dying and rising.

- 1 COME tune, ye saints. your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing,
And echo to the heavenly plains
The triumphs of your Saviour-King.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdu'd your potent foes,
Subdu'd the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finish'd all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high
Return'd, while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conquering God, resound,
- 4 Almighty love ! victorious power !
Not angel-tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise ;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace
Fill every heart and every tongue,
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

HYMN CVI.

On the Public Fast. Feb. 6, 1756.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,*
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O be these awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries forbear.
- 4 What numerous crimes increasing rise,
O'er all this wretched isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile?
- 5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!
- 6 O bid us turn, almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 7 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

* Earthquake at Lisbon, &c.

HYMN CVII.

National Judgments deprecated.

On the Fast. Feb. 11, 1757.

- 1 **W**HILE justice waves her vengeful hand
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful power,
With fear and trembling, we adore.
- 2 Where shall we fly, but to thy feet ?
Our only refuge is thy seat ;
Thy seat, where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.
- 3 While peace and plenty bless'd our days,
Where was the tribute of thy praise !
Ungrateful race ! how have we spent
The blessings which thy goodness lent.
- 4 Pale famine now, and wasting war,
With threatening frown thy wrath declare ;
But war and famine are thy slaves,
Nor can destroy when mercy saves.
- 5 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;
Though loud our crimes for vengeance cry,
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
Nor thy long suffering patience fail.
- 6 Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
May we not plead the blest record,
That when a humble nation mourns,
Thy rising wrath to pity turns.
- 7 O let thy sovereign grace impart
Contrition to each rocky heart,
And bid sincere repentance flow,
A general, undissembled woe.

- 8 Our arms, O God of armies, bless,
(Thy hand alone can give success,)
And make our haughty neighbours own
That heaven protects the British Throne.
- 9 Fair smiling peace again restore,
With plenty bless the pining poor,
And may a happy thankful land
Obedient own thy guardian hand.

HYMN CVIII.

On the same. *Pleading for Mercy.*

- 1 COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay,
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us leave to pray.
- 2 In armies, fleets, or strong allies,
No more we place our trust ;
On God alone, our hope relies,
Kind, potent, wise, and just.
- 3 Great is our guilt, our fears are great ;
But let us not despair ;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.
- 4 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe ;
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.
- 5 O gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
Attend thy Britain's cry ;
Nor let the kindling vengeance break
Destructive from thine eye.

- 6 Though justice near thy awful throne,
 Attends thy dread command,
 Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
 And save a guilty land.

HYMN CIX.

*National Judgments and Mercies a Call to
 Repentance. Nov. 1757.*

- 1 **L**ONG has divine compassion strove
 With this rebellious land ;
 O justice, long has pleading love
 Withheld thy dreadful hand.
- 2 At length, ye Britons, lift your eyes,
 Your crimes no more pursue ;
 Behold the gathering tempest rise,
 And tremble at the view.
- 3 See, fraught with vengeance how it spreads !
 To mercy instant fly ;
 E'er yet it burst upon your heads,
 Repent, repent—or die.
- 4 Late raging storm, 'twas mercy stay'd,*
 Her voice destruction heard,
 The impetuous winds her voice obey'd,
 And awful justice spar'd.
- 5 Shall every warning be in vain
 Your ruin to prevent ?
 Indulgent mercy calls again,
 Return, repent ! repent !
- 6 The voice, ye Britons, hear with awe,
 O hear, and turn to God ;
 Lest mercy, long abus'd, withdraw,
 And leave you to the rod.

* Off Louisburgh.

7 Almighty God, thy powerful grace
Can change us, and forgive ;
Can save a guilty rebel race,
And say, Repent, and live.

8 O let thy powerful grace appear,
And justice sheath her sword ;
Then shall a rescued nation fear,
And love, and praise the Lord.

HYMN CX.

Resignation.

1 **W**EARY of these low scenes of night,
My fainting heart grows sick of time,
Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,
Sighs for a distant, happier clime !

2 Ah why that sigh ?—peace, coward heart,
And learn to bear thy lot of woe :
Look round—how easy is thy part,
To what thy fellow-sufferers know.

3 Are not the sorrows of the mind
Entail'd on every mortal birth ?
Convinc'd, hast thou not long resign'd
The flattering hope of bliss on earth ?

4 'Tis just, 'tis right ; thus He ordains,
Who form'd this animated clod ;
That needful cares, instructive pains,
May bring the restless heart to God.

5 In him, my soul, behold thy rest,
Nor hope for bliss below the sky :
Come Resignation to my breast,
And silence every plaintive sigh.

- 6 Come Faith and Hope, celestial pair !
 Calm Resignation waits on you ;
 Beyond these gloomy scenes of care,
 Point out a soul-enlivening view.
- 7 Parent of good, 'tis thine to give
 These cheerful graces to the mind :
 Smile on my soul, and bid me live
 Desiring, hoping, yet resign'd !
- 8 Thy smile, sweet dawn of endless day !
 Can make my weary spirit blest ;
 While on my Father's hand I stay,
 And in his love securely rest.
- 9 My Father, dear, delightful name !
 Replete with life, and joy sincere !
 O wilt thou gracious, seal my claim,
 And banish every anxious fear !
- 10 Then, cheerful shall my heart survey,
 The toils and dangers of the road ,
 And patient keep the heavenly way,
 Which leads me homewards to my God.

HYMN CXI.

The Faithfulness of God.

Isaiah liv. 10.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Sovereign, gracious Lord,
 How full, how firm, thy royal word !
 Thy love, how condescending and how kind !
 Nor can the power of language more,
 With all its force, with all its store,
 Confirm the sacred deed, or more securely bind.

2 Sooner the mountains shall depart,
And from their firm foundation start,
Than thy eternal kindness shall remove !
Or I be shaken from thy heart,
If ever there I had a part,
If ever I possess'd an interest in thy love.

3 Yes, Lord, thy promises are clear,
Thy power and faithfulness appear,
Nor can I doubt omnipotence and grace :
But ah ! myself, my sins I fear,
These springs of doubt are ever near,
These gloomy clouds which rise and hide thy
lovely face.

4 O let thy mercy's healing ray
Arise, and chase these clouds away ;
Thy Spirit's witness (evidence divine !)
Beam o'er my soul with sacred light ;
Then shall my joys, all pure and bright,
Unclouded and serene, with pleasing lustre shine.

HYMN CXII.

Divine Contemplation.

1 **H**OW blest the minds which daily rise
To worlds unseen beyond the skies,
And lose this vale of tears !
On heaven-taught pinions while they soar,
And joys unknown to sense explore,
How low the cares of mortal life ! how mean its
bliss appears !

- 2 O for the wings of faith and love,
 To bear my thoughts and hopes above
 These little scenes of care !
 Above these gloomy mists which rise,
 And pain my heart, and cloud my eyes,
To see the dawn of heavenly day, and breathe
 celestial air.
- 3 Yet higher would I stretch my flight,
 And reach the sacred courts of light
 Where my Redeemer reigns :
 Far-beaming from his radiant throne,
 Immortal splendours, joys unknown,
With never-fading lustre shine, o'er all the blissful
 plains.
- 4 Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
 There join in rapture-breathing songs,
 And tune the golden lyre
 To Jesus their exalted Lord ;
 Dear name, how lov'd ! and how ador'd !
His charms awake the heavenly strain, and every
 note inspire.
- 5 No short-liv'd pleasure there beguiles,
 But perfect bliss for ever smiles,
 With undeclining ray :
 Thither my thoughts would fain ascend,
 But ah ! to dust and earth they bend,
Fetter'd with empty vanities, and chain'd to lifeless
 clay.
- 6 Dear Lord, and shall I ever be
 So far from bliss, so far from thee,
 An exile from the sky ?
 O break these chains, my wishes fire,
 And upward bid my heart aspire ;
Without thy aid I cannot rise, O give me wings to
 fly.

HYMN CXIII.

Christ the Christian's Life.

- 1 **O** FOR the animating fire
That tun'd harmonious Watts's lyre,
To sweet seraphic strains !
Celestial fire, that bore his mind
(Earth's vain allurements left behind)
To yonder blissful plains.
- 2 There, Jesus lives, (transporting name !)
Jesus inspir'd the sacred flame,
And gave devotion wings ;
With heaven-attracted flight she soar'd,
The realms of happiness explor'd,
And smil'd, and pitied kings.
- 3 Come, sacred flame, and warm my heart,
Thy animating power impart,
Sweet dawn of life divine !
Jesus, thy love alone can give
The power to rise, the power to live ;
Eternal life is thine.
- 4 If in my heart, thy heavenly day
Has e'er diffus'd its vital ray,
I bless the smiling dawn ;
But oh, when gloomy clouds arise,
And veil thy glory from mine eyes,
I mourn my joys withdrawn.
- 5 Then faith, and hope, and love decay ;
Without thy life-inspiring ray,
Each cheerful grace declines ;
Yet I must live on thee, my Lord,
For still in thy unchanging word
A beam of comfort shines.

- 6 The vital principle within,
 Though oft depress'd with fear and sin,
 Can never cease to be :
 Though doubt prevails, and grief complains,
 Thy hand omnipotent, sustains
 The life deriv'd from thee.
- 7 O come, thou life of every grace,
 Reveal, reveal thy lovely face,
 These gloomy clouds remove !
 And bid my fainting hope arise
 To thy fair mansions in the skies,
 On wings of faith and love.
- 8 There life divine no languor knows,
 But with immortal vigour glows,
 By joys immortal fed :
 No cloud can spread a moment's night,
 For there, thy smiles immense delight
 And boundless glory shed.

HYMN CXIV.

Desiring to love Christ and obey him.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, in thy dear name unite,
 All things my heart calls great, or good, or
 sweet ;
 Divinest springs of wonder and delight,
 In thee, thou fairest of ten thousand, meet.
- 2 Do I not love thee ? ah my conscious heart
 Nor boldly dares affirm, nor can deny ;
 O bid these clouds of gloomy fear depart,
 With one bright ray from thy propitious eye !

- 3 Do I not love thee ? can I then allow,
Within my breast pretenders to thy throne ?
O take my homage, at thy feet I bow !
No other Lord my heart desires to own.
- 4 Take, take my passions in thy sovereign hand,
Refine and mould them with almighty skill ;
Then shall I love the voice of thy command,
And all my powers rejoice to do thy will.
- 5 Thy love inspires the active sons of light,
With swift-wing'd zeal, they wait upon thy
word ;
O let that love, in these abodes of night,
Bid my heart glow to serve my dearest Lord !
- 6 Come, love divine, my languid wishes raise !
With heavenly zeal this faint cold heart inflame,
To join with angels in my Saviour's praise,
Like them, obey his will, adore his name.
- 7 But can the mind, with heavy clay opprest,
To emulate seraphic ardour rise ?
While sin pollutes her joys, forbids her rest,
How can she join the worship of the skies ?
- 8 Yet he commands to love and to obey,
Whose hand sustains those happy spirits there ;
In him, my soul, who is thy guide, thy stay,
In him confide, to him commit thy care.
- 9 Jesus my Lord, O give me strength divine !
Then shall my powers in glad obedience move ;
Receive the heart that wishes to be thine,
And teach, O teach me to obey and love !

HYMN CXV.

Waiting for Morning.

Psalm xxx. 5.

- 1 **L**ONG and mournful is the night,
 Mental night of gloomy fear :
 Source of comfort, source of light,
 When, O when wilt thou appear !
Thy beams alone can bid the gloom depart,
And spread celestial morning o'er my heart.
- Morning of that glorious day
 Which the blest enjoy above,
 Where, with full unclouded ray,
 Shines thy everlasting love :
Where joy triumphant fills the bright abode,
O happy world ! fair paradise of God !
- 3 Thither if the heart aspire,
 Shall it, Lord, aspire in vain ?
 Shall the breathings of desire
 Rise with unavailing pain ?
O thou my guide, my solace, and my rest,
In this sad desert shall I rove unblest ?
- 4 Sure the Lord of life is near,
 Though a cloud his face conceal :
 Jesus, when wilt thou appear,
 When thy cheering beams reveal ?
When shall thy beams of soul-reviving light
Dispel this gloomy cloud, this mental night ?
- 5 Not in vain aspires the heart
 That depends on thee alone ;
 Light and joy thou wilt impart,
 Radiant dawn of bliss unknown.
Here let me wait, beneath thy guardian wing,
Till from thy smile celestial morning spring.

HYMN CXVI.

The Happy Man.

From the 23d Psalm.

- 1 **H**APPY the man of heavenly birth,
Beyond the proudest boast of earth,
Whom mercy thus sustains :
To scenes of living verdure led,
Plenty and peace their blessings spread,
And not a thought complains.
- 2 Conducted by his gracious guide
Where streams of sweet refreshment glide,
And fed with food divine ;
God is the guardian of his rest,
Beneath his smile, serenely blest,
He bids his soul recline.
- 3 Yet, should his feet forgetful stray,
His guide restores, and points the way
To safety, life, and peace ;
Still mindful of his glorious name,
A faithful God is still the same,
His paths are righteousness.
- 4 Should gloomy shades the path o'erspread,
Dark as the mansions of the dead,
His heart no terrors wound :
His heavenly guardian ever near,
Sustains his hope, forbids his fear,
And comfort smiles around.
- 5 The constant bounty of his Lord,
With rich provision spreads his board,
Amid repining foes :
While peace and gladness on his head
Their sweetest odours hourly shed,
His cup with bliss o'erflows.

- 6 O happy portion! lot divine!
Thus shall indulgent goodness shine
On all his future days;
For ever near his guardian God
Shall mercy fix his blest abode,
And tune his soul to praise.

HYMN CXVII.

The presence of God the only comfort in affliction.

- 1 **I**N vain, while dark affliction spreads
Her melancholy gloom,
Kind providence its blessings sheds
And nature's beauties bloom.
- 2 For all that charms the taste or sight
My heart no wish respires;
O for a beam of heavenly light
When earthly hope expires.
- 3 Thou only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain opprest,
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 4 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains,
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
- 5 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
- 6 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart
And bring the dawn of day!

- 7 O happy scenes of pure delight !
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.
- 8 Her part in those fair realms of bliss
My spirit longs to know :
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
- 9 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee ?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall for ever be.
- 10 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on Faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

HYMN CXVIII.

*Faith and Hope in divine goodness encouraged by
past experience.*

Psalm xxiii. 6.

- 1 **L**ORD, while my thoughts with wonder trace
Thy favours past through all my days ;
My thankful heart adores thy grace ;
I trust that goodness which I praise.
- 2 Still from the same eternal spring
Thy various, constant bounties flow ;
Beneath the shelter of thy wing
I view serene the shades of woe.

- 3 E'en death's tremendous vale appears
No more in gloomy terrors drest ;
Thy smile, my God, forbids my fears,
While on thy gracious hand I rest.
- 4 Through the dark scenes of mortal care,
To humble faith's enraptur'd eye
The distant prospect opens fair,
Of radiant mansions in the sky.
- 5 Yes, Lord, in thy divine abode
My soul desires, and hopes a place,
To dwell for ever near my God,
And view unveil'd thy lovely face.
- 6 With all my powers renew'd, refin'd,
To join the blissful choir above ;
In strains immortal, unconfin'd,
To celebrate my Saviour's love.

HYMN CXIX.

A Thought of Life and Death.

- 1 **T**HE cares of mortal life, how vain !
How empty every joy !
While grief, and weariness, and pain
The fainting mind employ.
- 2 But O, that nobler life on high,
To which my hopes aspire !
Does it not prompt the frequent sigh,
And wake the warm desire ?
- 3 When now and then a heavenly ray
Attracts my upward view,
Almost I hail th' approach of day,
And bid the world adieu.

- 4 Those happy realms of joy and peace
Fain would my heart explore,
Where grief and pain for ever cease,
And I shall sin no more.
- 5 No darkness there shall cloud the eyes,
No languor seize the frame ;
But ever active vigour rise
To feed the vital flame.
- 6 But ah !—a dreary vale between
Extends its awful gloom ;
Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
The horrors of the tomb.
- 7 The thoughts of death's envenom'd dart,
The parting pangs I fear,
Alarm this timorous, fainting heart,
And still it lingers here.
- 8 O for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave !
To see that friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save !
- 9 That friend who left his throne above,
Who met the tyrant's dart,
And (O, amazing power of love !)
Receiv'd it in his heart.
- 10 Here fix my soul, for life is here,
Light breaks amid the gloom ;
Trust in the Saviour's love, nor fear
The horrors of the tomb.
- 11 Jesus, in thee alone I trust,
O tell me I am thine !
I yield this mortal frame to dust,
Eternal life is mine.

HYMN CXX.

Desiring a firmer affiance in God under afflictions.

1 **W**HY is my heart with grief oppress?
 Can all the pains I feel or fear,
 Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest,
 Forget that God, thy God, is near?

2 Hast thou not often call'd the Lord
 Thy refuge, thy almighty friend?
 And canst thou fear to trust that word
 On which thy hopes of heaven depend?

3 Mortality's unnumber'd ills
 Are all beneath his sovereign hand;
 Each pain which this frail body feels
 Attends, obedient, his command.

4 Lord, form my temper to thy will!
 If thou my faith and patience prove,
 May every painful stroke fulfill
 Thy purposes of faithful love.

5 O may this weak, this fainting mind,
 A father's hand adoring see;
 Confess thee just, and wise, and kind,
 And trust thy word and cleave to thee.

HYMN CXXI.

*Trusting in his mercy with humble submission
and hope.*

1 **I**NDULGENT still to my request,
 How free thy tender mercies are!
 With full consent my thoughts attest,
 My gracious God, thy faithful care.

- 2 The hand that holds the rod I see ;
That gentle hand I must adore ;
That goodness, how divinely free,
Which my expectant hopes implore !
- 3 Thy hand sustains me lest I faint,
Or at the needful stroke repine ;
Thy ear attends to my complaint ;
The tenderest pity, Lord, is thine.
- 4 And can my heart desire in vain,
When he who chastens bids me sue,
That every sorrow, every pain,
Be blest to teach, reclaim, renew ?
- 5 O yet support thy feeble child,
Till thy correcting hand remove !
Be all thy purposes fulfill'd,
And bid me sing thy sparing love.

HYMN CXXII.

Entreating the presence of God in affliction.

- 1 **L**OW at thy gracious feet I bend,
My God, my everlasting friend,
Permit the claim, O let thy ear
My humble suit indulgent hear !
- 2 No earthly good my wish inspires ;
Great is the boon my soul desires,
But thou hast bid me seek thy face,
Hast bid me ask thy promis'd grace.
- 3 O may thy favour (bliss divine !)
With fuller, clearer radiance shine !
Brighten my hopes, dispel my fears,
Till not a cloud of grief appears !

- 4 But O my heart, reflect with shame,
Canst thou prefer so bold a claim ?
Conscious how often thou hast stray'd,
By empty vanities betray'd.
- 5 How oft, ungrateful to thy God,
Have trifles call'd thy thoughts abroad ;
Till heavenly pity saw thee roam,
And bade affliction bring thee home.
- 6 And when the snares of earth were broke
By kind affliction's needful stroke,
Hast thou not own'd, with humble praise,
That just and right are all his ways ?
- 7 Yes, gracious God, before thy throne
My vileness, and thy love I own ;
O let that love, with beams divine,
Forgiving, healing, round me shine !
- 8 Whene'er, ungrateful to my God,
This heedless heart requires the rod,
Thy arm, supporting, I implore,
The hand that chastens can restore.
- 9 O may the kind correction prove
A fruit of thy paternal love !
Wean me from earth, from sin refine,
And make my heart entirely thine !
- 10 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And wake to praise this feeble voice :
While mercy, power, and truth employ
My love, my wonder, and my joy.

HYMN CXXIII.

Acknowledging His goodness in supporting and restoring.

- 1 **N**OW to thy heavenly Father's praise,
My heart thy tribute bring:
That goodness which prolongs my days
With grateful pleasure sing.
- 2 Ye humble souls, who love the Lord,
Come join the pleasing theme ;
His mercy, power, and truth record,
And bless his glorious name.
- 3 Whene'er he sends afflicting pains,
His mercy holds the rod ;
His powerful word the heart sustains,
And speaks a faithful God.
- 4 A faithful God is ever nigh
When humble grief implores ;
His ear attends each plaintive sigh,
He pities and restores.
- 5 No more let diffidence prevail
Our comforts to destroy :
His tender mercies never fail,
Be these our sweet employ.
- 6 Ah ! how unequal to the theme
Our feeble efforts prove !
Ye heavens resound his glorious name,
While we adore and love.
- 7 Yet fain my grateful soul would bring
Her tribute to thy throne ;
Accept the wish, my God, my King,
To make thy goodness known !

- 8 O be the life thy hand restores
 Devoted to thy praise !
 To thee, be sacred all my powers,
 To thee, my future days !
- 9 Thy soul-enlivening grace impart,
 A warmer love inspire ;
 And teach the breathings of my heart
 Dependence and desire.

HYMN CXXIV.

*Desiring to praise God for the experience of his
 goodness.*

Psalm xxxvi. 7.

- 1 **T**HE loving kindness of the Lord,
 (Delightful theme !) demands my lays :
 Thou, worthy to be lov'd, ador'd,
 O teach my heart to sing thy praise !
- 2 In vain my heart with pleasure tries,
 My God, to count thy mercies o'er ;
 So numerous and so bright they rise,
 I gaze, I wonder, I adore !
- 3 Yet all the powers I have are thine,
 For thee those powers I would employ ;
 And dedicate to love divine,
 With humble gratitude and joy.
- 4 The sweet experience of thy grace
 Which animates my voice to sing,
 Incites my soul to seek thy face,
 And trust the shelter of thy wing.
- 5 Thy guardian wing alone can bless :
 I find repose and safety there ;
 The kindest refuge of distress
 A sure relief in every care.

- 6 O let the wretched sons of woe
To thee apply, on thee depend :
And bid the drooping mourners know
In thee a never-failing friend.
- 7 Could e'er one soul in deep distress
That fled to thee for refuge say,
"Indulgent mercy would not bless,
"And justice frown'd my hopes away?"
- 8 Ah no, a thousand, thousand tongues,
Thy love and truth, adoring own,
And offer their united songs
With grateful joy before thy throne.
- 9 Not e'en those happy minds can trace,
With all their powers renew'd, refin'd,
The boundless glories of thy grace,
O thou omnipotently kind !
- 10 Ah how shall these poor languid powers
With frail mortality oppress,
Display the grace my soul adores ?
How speak the transports of the blest ?
- 11 Dear Lord, accept my heart's desire,
Till death shall close these mortal days !
Then bid me join the heavenly choir,
And sing thy everlasting praise !

HYMN CXXV.

Penitence and Hope.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace ;
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd,
From Jesus to depart.
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
- 5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word
With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own how kind! how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

HYMN CXXVI.

Devoting the heart to Jesus.

- 1 **J**ESUS, what shall I do to show
How much I love thy glorious name?
Let my whole heart with rapture glow
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.
- 2 Yes, dearest Lord, my heart is thine,
Sacred to thee be all its powers!
O bid me give to love divine
The little remnant of my hours!

- 3 Thou narrow heart, ye fleeting hours,
How mean the tribute you can raise !
The grace my thankful soul adores,
Claims an eternity of praise !
- 4 Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee
Can give such sweet, such rich delight,
What must their joy, their transport be,
Who dwell for ever in thy sight ?
- 5 To that bright world my heart aspires,
Where all the glories of thy face
Unveil'd, shall fill the soul's desires,
And tune the song to boundless grace !
- 6 O teach my heart, my life, my voice
To celebrate thy wondrous love !
Fulfil my hopes, complete my joys,
And bid me join the songs above.

HYMN CXXVII.

The love of Christ exciting thankful devotion.

- 1 **O** DEARER to my thankful heart
Than all the circling sun surveys !
Thy presence only can impart
Light, peace, and gladness to my days.
- 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Vain world, be gone with all thy toys,
I have no room for trifles here ;
My heart aspires to nobler joys ;
Thy fairest glories disappear.

- 4 Bright realms of bliss, where Jesus reigns,
My wish, my care, my hope invite :
Where raptur'd seraphs tune their strains
To themes of infinite delight.
- 5 See, Lord, thy willing subject bows
Adoring low before thy throne :
To thee, I gladly pay my vows ;
Thou art my sovereign, thou alone.
- 6 Smile on my soul, and bid me sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of my Saviour King,
The condescensions of his love.
- 7 Amazing love ! that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
A wretch, deserving endless woe !
Amazing love !—did Jesus die ?—
- 8 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone,
O let his praise my hours employ,
Till hours no more their circles run !
- 9 He died !—ye seraphs, tune your songs,
Resound, resound the Saviour's name :
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

HYMN CXXVIII.

The Blind Man's Petition.

Luke xviii. 38, &c. Jesus thou Son of David
have mercy on me, &c.

- 1 GREAT Saviour, born of David's race,
O look, with pity look this way !
A helpless wretch implores thy grace,
Implores thy mercy's healing ray !
- 2 Jesus, thou Lord of life divine,
To whom the sons of woe complain :
Is not unbounded mercy thine ?
And can I ask, and ask in vain ?
- 3 Did ever supplicating sigh
In vain to thee its grief impart ?
Or mournful object meet thine eye,
That did not move thy melting heart ?
- 4 Around thee crowd a plaintive throng,
I hear their importuning cries ;
And now from every thankful tongue
I hear the glad Hosannah rise.
- 5 O look, with pity look on me,
Wrapt in the mournful shades of night !
My hope depends alone on thee,
Speak Lord, thy word shall give me light !
- 6 'Tis mercy, mercy I implore !
Speak, Lord, thy humble suppliant raise !
Then shall my heart thy grace adore ;
Then shall my tongue resound thy praise.

HYMN CXXIX.

Rest and Comfort in Christ alone.

- 1 **W**HERE shall I fly but to thy feet,
My Saviour, my almighty friend?
Dear names, beyond expression sweet!
On these my hopes of bliss depend.
- 2 Where shall I rest but on thy grace,
Thy boundless grace divinely free?
On earth I find no resting place;
Dear Saviour, bid me come to thee!
- 3 Though sin detains me from my Lord,
I long, I languish to be blest:
O speak one soul-reviving word,
And bid me come to thee, my rest.
- 4 When I this wretched heart explore,
Here no kind source of hope appears;
But O my soul, that grace adore,
Free grace, which triumphs o'er my fears.
- 5 Jesus, from thy atoning blood,
My only consolation flows;
Hope beams from thee my Saviour God,
My soul no other refuge knows.

HYMN CXXX.

On the Fifth of November.

- 1 **T**O thee, Almighty God, we bring
The humble tribute of our songs:
O teach our thankful hearts to sing!
Or praise will languish on our tongues.

- 2 While Britain (favour'd of the skies)
Recalls the wonders God hath wrought ;
Let grateful joy adoring rise,
And warm to rapture every thought.
- 3 When hell and Rome combin'd their power,
And doom'd these isles their certain prey ;
Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,
Their impious plots in ruin lay.
- 4 Again our restless cruel foes
Resum'd, avow'd, their black design ;
Again to save us God arose,
And Britain own'd the hand divine.
- 5 Why, gracious God, is Britain sav'd ?
Why blest with liberty and light ?
Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd,
Nor lost in superstition's night ?
- 6 Not for our sakes, we conscious own ;
A wretched, vile, ungrateful race :
'Tis done to make thy glory known ;
To shew the wonders of thy grace.
- 7 The wonders of thy grace complete ;
Reform this wretched, guilty land !
Let thankful love, beneath thy feet,
Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand !
- 8 Let every age adore thy name,
While nature's circling wheels shall roll !
Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,
And sound thy praise from pole to pole.

HYMN CXXXI.

On a day of prayer for success in war.

- 1 **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode?
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just, a holy God?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face!
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 O may our souls thy grace adore,
May Jesus plead our humble claim;
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.
- 4 With all the boasted pomp of war
In vain we dare the hostile field:
In vain, unless the Lord be there;
Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.
- 5 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite!
Again attend our humble prayer,
Again be mercy thy delight!
- 6 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain;
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 7 O when shall time the period bring
When raging war shall waste no more;
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
From Europe's coast to India's shore?

- 8 When shall the gospel's healing ray
 (Kind source of amity divine !)
Spread o'er the world celestial day ?
 When shall the nations, Lord, be thine ?

HYMN CXXXII.

Hymn for a day of public thanksgiving for Peace.

- 1 GREAT God, inspire each heart and tongue
 Thy wondrous goodness to proclaim ;
And bid the animating song
 Glow with devotion's lively flame.
To thee let favour'd Britain raise
Her sweetest notes of thankful praise.
- 2 But where shall we begin to trace
 The wonders of thy hand divine ?
In every season, every place,
 How numerous and how bright they shine.
To God, ye favour'd Britons, raise
Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.
- 3 Abroad, protection and success
 Proclaim'd that Britain's God was there ;
At home, he bade fair plenty bless,
 The fruitful fields confess'd his care.
To God, ye favour'd Britons, raise
Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.
- 4 But yet beneath the hostile sword
 Has many a worthy patriot bled,
And many a mourning heart deplor'd
 A friend, a son, a brother dead !
The sword is sheath'd—ye Britons, raise
To God your sweetest notes of praise.

- 5 The horrors of the sanguine field
 Which sadden'd victory's fairest plume,
 To scenes of pleasure now shall yield,
 And peace her gentle reign resume.
 To God, ye favour'd Britons, raise
 Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.
- 6 Kind peace, from her propitious smiles,
 What numerous, various blessings flow !
 Great God, to thee these happy isles
 Unnumber'd obligations owe.
 To thee let favour'd Britain raise
 Her sweetest notes of thankful praise.
- 7 Crown, gracious God, thy gift of peace,
 With gifts yet nobler, more divine !
 O let thy all-prevailing grace
 Make Britain more entirely thine !
 Devotion then to thee shall raise
 Sublimar notes of thankful praise.

HYMN CXXXIII.

Breathing after God.

- 1 **W**HERE is my God ? does he retire
 Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
 Are these weak breathings of desire
 Too languid to ascend the skies ?
- 2 Where is my God ? can he be mine,
 And yet so long conceal his face ?
 And must I every joy resign,
 Nor hope for his returning grace ?
- 3 Hence guilty diffidence depart,
 His goodness never can decline ;
 He sees this weak, this trembling heart,
 That yet aspires to call him mine.

- 4 He hears the breathings of desire ;
The weak petition if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
And hope to reach his gracious ear.
- 5 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye ;
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.
- 6 He sweetens every humble groan ;
He recommends each broken prayer ;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 7 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine,
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My father God, with joy divine.

HYMN CXXXIV.

Filial Submission.

Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, my Father God !
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene ;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 My father—O permit my heart,
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN CXXXV.

Humble Trust.

- 1 **W**HY should my pining spirit be
 So long a stranger to my Lord,
 When promises divinely free,
 Invite me in his sacred word?
- 2 Does he not bid the weary come,
 And call the wretched sons of grief,
 To him their refuge and their home,
 Their heavenly friend, their sure relief?
- 3 Yes, by the kindest, tenderest names,
 My Lord invites my humble trust ;
 My diffidence he gently blames,
 How soft the censure, and how just.
- 4 This trembling frame, worn out with pains,
 On thee my guardian God depends ;
 And while my fainting heart complains,
 To thee the plaintive groan ascends.
- 5 Though all the powers of nature fail,
 And life's pale trembling lamp decline ;
 Thy grace can bid my faith prevail,
 Can give me fortitude divine.
- 6 That grace which bids my hope aspire,
 Can every anxious fear remove,
 Can give me all my soul's desire,
 The full assurance of thy love.

HYMN CXXXVI.

Hymn to Jesus.

- 1 **S**HALL loyal nations hail the day,*
 That crowns their king with loud acclaim ?
 And shall not saints their homage pay,
 To their beloved Saviour's name ?

* The coronation of George III.

Ye saints, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !

2 Jesus, who vanquish'd all your foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless,
From him your every comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !

3 Yes, thou art worthy dearest Lord,
Of universal endless praise ;
With every power to be ador'd,
That men or angels e'er can raise.
Let heaven and earth unite their strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !

4 But earth, nor heaven can e'er proclaim,
The boundless glories of their king ;
Yet must our hearts adore his name,
Dear name, whence all our blessings spring !
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !

5 How mean the tribute mortals pay,
How cold the heart, how faint the tongue ;
But Lord, thy coronation day
Shall tune a more exalted song :
Resounding in immortal strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !

6 He comes, he comes, with triumph crown'd,
In dazzling robes of light array'd,
Faith views the splendor dawning round,
Earth's fairest lustre sinks in shade.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !

HYMN CXXXVII.

Encouragement to Trust in God.

“Casting all your care upon him, for he
careth for you.” 1 Peter, v. 7.

- 1 **E**NGAGING argument ! here let me rest
With humble confidence and faith entire :
What less than this can calm my troubled breast ?
What more can my distrustful heart desire ?
- 2 Encouraged by so full, so sweet a word,
Fain would my soul forbid intruding fears :
To thee, almighty Father, gracious Lord !
Fain would I bring my load of anxious cares.
- 3 But can a vile, a guilty creature dare
Aspire to hope for favours so divine ?
Aspire to claim an interest in thy care,
Or boldly call the glorious blessing mine ?
- 4 O let thy spirit's sacred influence seal
The kind assurance to my doubting soul,
The pardoning love, thy tender care reveal ;
The blissful view shall all my fears control.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

The King of Saints.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known :
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine ;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine,

- 3 While majesty's effulgent blaze
Surrounds his awful brow ;
E'en angels tremble as they gaze,
And veil'd adoring bow.
- 4 But love attempers every ray,
Love, how divinely sweet !
That stoops to view the sons of clay,
And calls them to his feet !
- 5 Infinite power and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays ;
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise ?
- 6 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King ;
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 7 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise !
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 8 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN CXXXIX.

Hymn for the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine,
Demands our souls' collected powers :
May we employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours !
O may our souls adoring own,
The grace which calls us to thy throne !

- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles fly,
Where God resides appear no more,
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.
- 3 The word of life dispens'd to day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast ;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest !
O bid the wretched sons of need,
On soul-reviving dainties feed !
- 4 Thy spirit's powerful aid impart,
O may thy word with life divine
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;
Then shall the day indeed be thine :
Then shall our souls adoring own,
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

HYMN CXL.

Happy Poverty, or the Poor in Spirit blessed.

Matt. v. 3.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more,
Let faith survey your future store,
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear ;
Hope points to your dejected eyes
The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride,
Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
In vain they boast their little stores,
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite ;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies.
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away ;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 6 There shall your eyes with rapture view,
The glorious friend that died for you ;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.
- 7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer,
Reveal, confirm my interest there !
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know !
- 8 O let me hear that voice divine,
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine !
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

HYMN CXLI.

The necessity of renewing Grace.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !
The heart unchang'd can never rise,
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray :
Reason debas'd can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live!
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN CXLII.

The Pearl of great price.

Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 **Y**E glittering toys of earth adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense.
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.

- 4 Should both the Indies at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd ;
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.
- 6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN CXLIII.

God's Omnipresence.

TREMBLE, my soul, with awful conscious fear,
The Lord, the God of Holiness, is here !
Ye sins and empty vanities depart,
Too long, alas, you have possess'd my heart.
Hence to eternal distance fly,
Nor dare the lightnings of his eye,
Dreadfully keen they pierce the soul
And every thought descry.

In vain I bid my lurking foes begone,
Lord, 'tis thy grace, thy mighty grace alone,
Can drive them hence, and all my guilt forgive,
O speak the powerful word, and bid me live !
Life flows amid the crimson tide,
Which issued from the wounded side
Of Jesus, when for guilty man,
He suffer'd, groan'd, and died !

O let it flow to my polluted heart,
And life, and health, and purity impart !

The sacred blood shall wash my sins away,
Thy glories then shall shine with kindest ray,
(Unmix'd with terrors) round my trembling soul,
And sovereign mercy all my fears control.
Then shall the thought inspire delight,
That I am in my father's sight,
And thy bright presence bless mine eyes
With beams of heavenly light.

HYMN CXLIV.

Human Frailty.

O GOD of mercy, thou that hearest prayer !
Let these poor breathings reach thy gracious
ear,
Weak, impotent, and blind, to thee I fly,
O may thy grace my every want supply !
Thy powerful grace, which only can impart
Conviction, life, and vigour to my heart.
Illuminate my yet beclouded eyes !
These empty trifles teach me to despise !
Let nobler cares, my time, my thoughts employ,
And bid my spirit pant for real joy !
Be thy almighty arm my strength, my guide,
And never from thy precepts let me slide.
Let thy kind influence make my future days,
A life of pleasure, and a life of praise.

END OF THE HYMNS.

PSALMS

ATTEMPTED IN VERSE.

PSALM I.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose heaven-directed feet
Avoid the crowded path where sinners meet;
Who shuns the lofty seat of impious pride,
Of men, who dare Jehovah's law deride.
- 2 He in that sacred, venerable law,
(Inspiring holy thoughts and pious awe,)
Continual meditates with new delight;
Guide of his day, and solace of his night !
- 3 Beneath heaven's kindest influence he shall grow,
Like a fair tree where cheering waters flow :
Whose grateful boughs confess the happy soil,
And crown'd with autumn's richest bounty smile.
- 4 Unfading and secure his hope shall stand,
And prosperous be the labours of his hand,
Not so the sinner's hope ; he soon shall find,
It flies like chaff before the driving wind.
- 5 How will the guilty tribes their sentence bear,
When God in awful judgment shall appear ?
Then shall no sinner stand before his face,
Or in the blest assembly find a place.
- 6 The Lord looks down, and guides his children's way,
Safe to the regions of eternal day :
But oh, the flowery paths which sinners tread,
To darkness and to sure perdition lead.

PSALM II.

- 1 **W**HY do the heathen nations rise
 With unavailing rage?
Why thus to dare th' avenging skies,
 In impious plots engage?
- 2 Proud monarchs meet, and breathing war,
 Raise their vain threat'nings high
Against the Lord, and boldly dare
 His chosen king defy.
- 3 "Shall we submit to his commands,
 " And bend the suppliant knee?
" No, let us break the servile bands,
 " We are, and will be free."
- 4 Heaven's awful sovereign, thron'd on high,
 Surveys their airy dreams,
He smiles contempt; in ruin lie
 Their vainly labour'd schemes.
- 5 His dreadful anger now awakes;
 Their hearts what terrors wound!
Almighty power affronted speaks,
 And wrath attends the sound!
- 6 "My chosen king exalted see,
 " On Zion's sacred hill!
" Attend the solemn fix'd decree,
 " And learn Jehovah's will!
- 7 "Thou art my Son, thee I proclaim
 " Earth's universal Lord;
" Of powers, and potentates supreme,
 " Thy name shall be ador'd.
- 8 "Ask, and I give to thee alone,
 " The heathen's wide domain;
" And earth's remotest ends shall own
 " Thy uncontested reign.

- 9 "Who will not to thy sceptre bow,
"Shall feel thy iron rod ;
"And crush'd in helpless ruin, show
"The vengeance of a God."
- 10 Be wise, ye monarchs, learn to fear
The power, of powers supreme ;
With awful, trembling joy revere
The Lord's exalted name.
- 11 While mercy, with inviting rays,
Shines radiant in his eyes,
Approach ; for should his anger blaze,
The unpardoned rebel dies.
- 12 When fury kindling in his eye,
Each guilty breast alarms ;
Happy the souls who gladly fly
For refuge to his arms.

PSALM III.

- 1 **L**ORD, how my numerous foes increase !
How fast my troubles rise !
To thee, the sacred spring of peace,
My wearied spirit flies.
- 2 My numerous foes awake my fears,
While they exulting boast,
"No heavenly aid for him appears,
"And all his hopes are lost."
- 3 But thou, my glory, and my shield,
Wilt all my fears control ;
A strong defence thy arm shall yield,
And raise my drooping soul.

- 4 To God I breath'd my ardent cry,
He, gracious heard my prayer ;
It reach'd his sacred throne on high,
And he remov'd my care.
- 5 I laid me down and slept secure,
I wak'd, for God was nigh ;
Sustain'd by his almighty power,
My guard his watchful eye.
- 6 What though ten thousand foes in arms,
Against me should appear ;
And war resound its dire alarms,
I will not yield to fear.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, with saving power,
In my defence engage ;
As oft thy potent arm before
Has crush'd their impious rage.
- 8 Salvation, Lord, is thine alone,
And all thy saints shall find
The bliss my thankful heart has known,
A God for ever kind.

PSALM IV.

- 1 **O** LORD, my strength, my righteousness,
Attend my humble prayer ;
Oft thou hast heard me in distress,
Renew thy ancient care.
- 2 How long shall scoffers turn with lies
My glory into shame ?
Ah cease these envious vanities,
Nor wound my injur'd name.

- 3 For know, the man of upright heart,
As his peculiar care,
The Lord himself has set apart,
And when I call will hear.
- 4 With trembling awe your heart survey,
And every sin repent ;
Let true contrition close the day,
And future guilt prevent.
- 5 The sacrifice the Lord will own,
If thus you seek his face,
Thus humbly bow before his throne,
And trust his pardoning grace.
- 6 Vain is the toilsome search of good
In all things here below ;
Thy smile alone, my gracious God,
Can real bliss bestow.
- 7 Thy smile, whence all my comfort springs,
With gladness fills my heart ;
No joy increasing affluence brings,
Such pleasure can impart.
- 8 My days by thy kind presence blest,
From thee my safety flows ;
Thy favour guards my nightly rest,
And gives me sweet repose.

PSALM VIII.

- 1 **O** LORD, how glorious is thy name
Through the wide earth's extended frame !
Majestic glories form thy seat,
And heaven adores beneath thy feet.

- 2 Thy power from tender babes can raise
A monument of wondrous praise :
At thy command the infant song
Shall still the proud blasphemer's tongue.
- 3 When all thy shining works on high
I meditate with raptur'd eye—
The silver moon, the starry train
Which gild the fair etherial plain ;
- 4 Lord, what is man, that he should share
Thy notice, thy indulgent care ?
That man, frail child of earth, should be
The favourite of the Deity ?
- 5 His place thy forming hand assign'd
But just below the angelic kind ;
With noblest favours circled round,
And with distinguish'd honours crown'd :
- 6 Invested him with power and sway,
And bid the subject brutes obey ;
Sovereign of all thy works below,
To him the meaner creatures bow :
- 7 The bleating flocks, the lowing herds,
The gliding fish, the flying birds ;
All that the earth's wide circuit yields,
Natives of air, or seas, or fields.
- 8 But still let man adoring own,
That thou, O Lord, art King alone ;
And through the earth's extended frame,
Declare the glories of thy name.

PSALM XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou, O God of grace,
Forget thy wonted love?
How long conceal thy shining face,
Nor bid the cloud remove?
- 2 How long shall my dejected soul
(Thus pondering o'er her woes,)
In vain endeavour to control
The power of inward foes?
- 3 Lord, hear my prayer, and heal my woes,
Arise with cheering light ;
Or soon these wretched eyes will close
In everlasting night.
- 4 The powers of darkness will rejoice
To see my life decay,
And triumph with insulting voice
Around their trembling prey.
- 5 But, Lord, thy mercy hitherto
Has been my only trust ;
Let mercy now my joys renew,
And raise me from the dust.
- 6 Then shall my heart and tongue proclaim
The bounties of my God,
My songs with grateful rapture flame
And spread thy praise abroad.

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, my shepherd and my guide,
Will all my wants supply ;
In safety I shall still abide
Beneath his watchful eye.

- 2 Amid the verdant flowery meads,
He makes my sweet repose ;
When pain'd with thirst he gently leads
Where living water flows.
- 3 If from his fold I thoughtless stray,
He leads the wanderer home,
And shews my erring feet the way
Where dangers cannot come.
- 4 Though hastening to the silent tomb,
And death's dark shades appear ;
Thy presence, Lord, shall cheer the gloom,
And banish every fear.
- 5 No evil can my soul dismay,
While I am near my God ;
My comfort, my support and stay,
Thy staff and guiding rod.
- 6 Thy constant bounties me surround,
Amid my envious foes ;
My favour'd head with gladness crown'd,
My cup with blessings flows.
- 7 Thus shall thy goodness, love, and care,
Attend my future days ;
And I shall dwell for ever near
My God, and sing his praise.

PSALM XXVII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, my Saviour, is my light ;
What terrors can my soul affright ?
While God, my strength, my life, is near,
What potent arm shall make me fear ?

- 2 When cruel foes, the sons of strife,
Came furious to devour my life ;
Their vile designs at once o'erthrown,
Confess'd the power that cast them down.
- 3 Should numerous hosts besiege me round,
My stedfast heart no fear shall wound :
Though war should rise in dread array,
God is my strength, my hope, my stay.
- 4 This only boon my heart desires,
For this my ardent wish aspires,
This will I seek with restless care,
Till God attend my humble prayer ;
- 5 In his own house to spend my days,
My life devoted to his praise ;
There would my soul his beauties trace,
And learn the wonders of his grace.
- 6 When troubles rise, my guardian, God,
Will hide me safe in his abode !
Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,
Sustain'd by his almighty hand.
- 7 Now shall my head exalted rise
Above surrounding enemies ;
While my glad offerings to the Lord,
With grateful songs, his praise record.
- 8 Thou sacred spring of all my joys,
Whene'er I raise my plaintive voice,
O let thy sovereign mercy hear,
And answer all my humble prayer.
- 9 When thou with condescending grace
Hast bid me seek thy smiling face,
My heart replied to thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all gracious Lord.

- 10 Hide not from me thy blissful ray,
Nor angry frown my hopes away ;
Thy saving help has still been near,
God of my life, renew thy care.
- 11 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart,
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.
- 12 O teach me, Lord, thy sacred way,
Uphold my steps, nor let me stray :
While enemies and fears alarm,
Extend thy kind, thy guardian arm.
- 13 Leave not my life to impious foes,
Whose rage no sense of justice knows ;
Against my innocence they rise,
And breathe out cruelty and lies.
- 14 My hope was ready to depart,
But faith sustain'd my fainting heart ;
I trusted in a gracious God,
And live to spread his praise abroad.
- 15 Ye humble souls, in every strait
On God with sacred courage wait ;
His hand shall life and strength afford,
O wait continual on the Lord.

PSALM XXX.

- 1 **T**HEE, Lord, my thankful soul would bless,
Thee all my powers adore !
Thy hand has rais'd me from distress,
My foes rejoice no more.
- 2 O Lord, my God, oppress'd with grief,
To thee I breath'd my cry !
Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wip'd my tearful eye.

- 3 Thy mercy chas'd the shades of death,
And snatch'd me from the grave ;
O may thy praise employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to save.
- 4 Come, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God in grateful songs ;
And let the memory of his grace,
Inspire your hearts and tongues.
- 5 His frown, what mortal can sustain ?
But soon his anger dies ;
His life-restoring smile again
Returns, and sorrow flies.
- 6 Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
His smile celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart.
- 7 Beneath thy kind protecting arm
How did my soul rejoice !
And fondly hop'd no future harm
Should ever shock my joys.
- 8 Lord, 'twas thy favour fix'd my rest ;
Thy shining face withdrew,
And troubles fill'd my anxious breast,
And pain'd my soul anew.
- 9 Again to thee, O gracious God,
I rais'd my mournful eyes ;
To thee I spread my woes abroad,
With supplicating cries.
- 10 What glory can my death afford ?
In the dark grave confin'd,
Shall senseless dust adore the Lord,
Or call thy truth to mind ?

- 11 Hear, O my God, in mercy hear,
Attend my plaintive cry ;
Be thou, my gracious helper, near,
And bid my sorrows fly.
- 12 Again I hear thy voice divine,
New joys exulting bound ;
My robes of mourning I resign,
And gladness girds me round.
- 13 Then let my utmost glory be
To raise thy honours high ;
Nor let my gratitude to thee
In guilty silence die.
- 14 To thee, my gracious God, I raise
My thankful heart and tongue ;
O be thy goodness and thy praise
My everlasting song.

PSALM XXXI.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust ;
Save me from sorrow, guilt, and shame,
Thou ever gracious, ever just.
- 2 Attentive bow thy pitying ear,
Let mercy fly to my relief,
Be thou my refuge, ever near,
A sure defence from all my grief.
- 3 Thou art my rock, thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat ;
O make thy power and mercy known,
To safety guide my trembling feet.

- 4 Preserve me from the fatal snare
Of secret foes, who plot my fall ;
And make my life thy tender care,
My God, my strength, my hope, my all.
- 5 To thy kind hand, O gracious Lord,
My soul I cheerfully resign ;
My Saviour God, I trust thy word,
For truth, immortal truth, is thine.
- 6 I hate their works, I hate their ways,
Who follow vanity and lies ;
But to the Lord my hopes I raise,
And trust his power, who built the skies.
- 7 In thee, my God, I will rejoice,
While mercy makes my soul her care ;
For thou hast heard my mournful voice,
In all my sorrows God was near.
- 8 Thou hast not left my life to groan,
Where chains and tyrant foes oppress :
Enlarg'd by thee, my feet have known
The sweets of liberty and peace.
- 9 Thy wonted mercy, Lord, renew,
See how my inward troubles rise ;
My melting soul with pity view,
And these dejected weeping eyes.
- 10 My life is spent in grief and tears,
In sighs my hours roll slow away,
My strength decays, while sins and fears
Sink all my frame in deep decay.
- 11 While black reproaches blot my fame,
And neighbours join with cruel foes,
My friends, who now forget the name,
With horror fly, and shun my woes :

- 12 Till from their memory I slide,
And sink in dark oblivion's shade,
A broken vessel thrown aside,
And mix unheeded with the dead.
- 13 I heard the cruel slander rise,
While foes and fears beset me round ;
I heard the murderous bands devise
To crush me helpless to the ground.
- 14 But I have trusted in thy name,
O Lord, my hope, my fix'd abode ;
And still avow'd my humble claim,
(O sweet support !) thou art my God.
- 15 My life, my all, is in thy hand ;
Let thy almighty power control
The rage of this remorseless band,
And save my persecuted soul.
- 16 O let thy favour, bliss divine !
Thy smile with heavenly radiance break,
And round thy fainting servant shine ;
O save me for thy mercy's sake.
- 17 Leave not my hope to sink in shame,
God of my prayer, in whom I trust ;
Let wicked men, who hate thy name,
Lose all their glory in the dust.
- 18 Deep in the grave be lying tongues
In everlasting silence laid,
Whose proud disdain, and slanderous wrongs
The injur'd innocent invade.
- 19 What endless bliss, O bounteous Lord,
(Immensely great, divinely free !)
Hast thou reserv'd for their reward,
Who fear thy name, and trust in thee !

- 20 Thy gracious hand shall near thee hide
These happy favourites of thy care ;
Safe at thy feet they shall abide,
Nor pride, nor slander reach them there.
- 21 Blest be the Lord, for ever blest,
Whose mercy bids my fears remove ;
The sacred walls which guard my rest,
Are his almighty power and love.
- 22 I rashly said, I sink, I die,
Cut off, abandon'd to despair ;
Yet thou, my God, hast heard my cry,
And gracious answer'd all my prayer.
- 23 Ye saints, to whom his mercy flows,
O love, for ever love the Lord ;
While on the proud his hand bestows
A dreadful, and a just reward.
- 24 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart ;
Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace,
And he shall heavenly strength impart.

PSALM XXXIX.

- 1 **W**HEN I resolv'd to watch my thoughts,
To watch my words and all my ways,
Lest I should with unwary faults,
Offend the God my life should praise ;
- 2 In mournful silence long restrain'd,
My thoughts were press'd with secret grief ;
My heart with sad reflection, pain'd,
In silence found no kind relief.
- 3 While thus the inward anguish burn'd,
My straiten'd speech at length found way ;
My tongue in broken accents mourn'd
Before my God, and tried to pray.

- 4 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 5 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 6 Vain his ambition, noise, and show !
Vain are the cares which rack his mind !
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 7 O be a nobler portion mine ;
My God, I bow before thy throne,
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.
- 8 Save me, by thy almighty arm,
From all my sins, and cleanse my faults ;
Then guilt nor folly shall alarm
My soul, or vex my peaceful thoughts.
- 9 Beneath the chastening of thy hand,
Let not my heart or tongue repine ;
But silent and submissive bend,
And bear the stroke because 'tis thine.
- 10 But O let mercy soon prevail,
Thy awful anger to remove ;
The stroke is just, but I am frail,
Thy sparing goodness let me prove.
- 11 Frail man, how soon his beauty flies !
He sins, and God afflicts with pain ;
Crush'd like the feeble moth he dies ;
His strength, how impotent and vain !

- 12 Lord, wilt thou gracious hear my cry,
Pity my tears, and heal my woe?
As were my fathers, so am I,
A wretched stranger here below.
- 13 O spare me, and my strength restore,
Ere my few hasty minutes flee;
And when my days on earth are o'er,
Let me for ever dwell with thee.

PSALM XLII.

- 1 **A**S the poor hart tir'd in the chase,
Pants for the cool refreshing flood,
So pants my soul for streams of grace,
Thy cheering visits, O my God.
- 2 For God my thirsty spirit longs,
The sacred spring of living joy;
When shall I come with thankful songs,
Before my God? divine employ!
- 3 Through the sad night and mournful day,
My flowing tears have been my food,
While taunting foes continual say,
"And where is now thy Saviour God?"
- 4 My melting soul in grief is spent,
When I revolve my happier days;
When with the joyful throng I went
To thy abode with songs of praise.
- 5 Why, O my soul, thus sunk in woe?
Why thus with restless sorrows torn?
Hope thou in God; my song shall flow,
For his bright presence will return.
- 6 My heart sinks down oppress'd with grief;
Yet, O my God, I'll call to mind
Those seasons past, for my relief,
When I was blest, and thou wast kind.

- 7 Thy terrors overwhelm my soul,
Wave after wave, with dreadful roar ;
So stormy seas like mountains roll,
And swelling billows drown the shore.
- 8 Yet will the Lord command his care,
His love (sweet morn !) shall cheermine eyes;
And mix'd with praise my nightly prayer,
God of my life, to thee shall rise.
- 9 To thee, I'll cry, my God, my rock :
Ah, why hast thou forgot thy care ?
Why mourn I thus beneath the stroke
Of foes, who drive me near despair ?
- 10 Their sharp reproaches pierce my heart
With daily anguish, while they say
(The thought is like a pointed dart,)
Where is thy God, thy boasted stay ?
- 11 Why sinks my fainting spirit down ?
Why do my restless passions mourn ?
What though my God a moment frown,
His blissful smile will yet return.
- 12 Then shall I spread his power abroad,
His smile my drooping hope shall raise ;
My light, my health, my Saviour God,
Shall tune my sighs to songs of praise.

PSALM LI.

- 1 **L**ORD, let thy mercy, full and free,
Vile as I am, extend to me ;
And bid my numerous crimes remove,
All cancell'd by thy sovereign love.
- 2 O wash this guilty heart of mine,
For cleansing grace is only thine ;
I own my sins, and still they rise
With recent horror to my eyes.

- 3 Against the God I love and fear,
My aggravated crimes appear ;
'Tis this alone awakes my smart,
And fills with grief my fainting heart.
- 4 While humbly prostrate in the dust,
I own thy awful sentence just ;
My soul adores thy sacred word,
For ever righteous is the Lord.
- 5 Soon as my infant life began,
And nature fram'd the future man,
So soon did sin its taint impart,
The dire contagion seiz'd my heart.
- 6 Since inward truth thy laws require,
That inward truth, O Lord, inspire ;
Through all my soul let wisdom shine,
And give me purity divine.
- 7 O let the sacred hyssop prove,
Blest emblem of thy cleansing love ;
Thy sovereign mercy can bestow,
A heart more pure than falling snow.
- 8 Let thy reviving word impart
Peace, joy, and pardon, to my heart ;
Then shall this broken frame rejoice,
And bless thy kind, thy healing voice.
- 9 Let all my sins, (though deep their dye,)
For ever in oblivion lie ;
For ever blot the dreadful score,
And view the long account no more.
- 10 Create my inmost powers anew,
Make all my heart sincere and true ;
O cast me not in wrath away,
Nor hide thy soul-enlivening ray.

- 11 Restore thy favour, bliss divine !
Those heavenly joys that once were mine ;
Let thy own spirit kind and free,
Uphold and guide my steps to thee.
- 12 Then will I teach thy sacred ways,
With holy zeal proclaim thy praise ;
Till sinners leave the dangerous road,
Forsake their sins, and turn to God.
- 13 O cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain,
Remove the blood-polluted stain ;
Then shall my heart adoring trace,
My Saviour God, thy boundless grace.
- 14 Then shall my joyful tongue proclaim,
In grateful strains, thy glorious name ;
Inspir'd by thee, my song shall flow,
And all thy wondrous mercy show.
- 15 If sacrifice would please my God,
My offerings should thy altars load ;
But vain were all my offer'd store,
For blazing altars please no more.
- 16 This is the gift I would impart,
A humble, broken, contrite heart ;
A broken heart, repentant sighs,
O God, thou never wilt despise.
- 17 O let thy goodness, Lord, appear,
To Zion, once thy chosen care ;
Sustain'd and built by power divine,
Let Salem's walls distinguish'd shine.
- 18 To thee, the pious sacrifice
Accepted then shall daily rise ;
Again the grateful offerings flame,
And glad devotion bless thy name.

PSALM LXV.

- 1 **B**EFORE thy throne, O God of grace,
Thy Sion would her vows perform;
Her ardent vows in deep distress—
O be her grateful praise as warm.
- 2 O thou who hear'st our humble cry,
Our God, our refuge, and our stay;
To thee, shall mourning sinners fly,
To thee, shall every nation pray.
- 3 Though sin prevails with dreadful sway,
And hope almost expiring lies,
Thy grace shall purge our sins away,
And bid our dying hopes arise.
- 4 Happy the man approv'd by thee,
Near to his God, thy chosen care;
Thy constant goodness he shall see,
The bounties of thy table share.
- 5 Whene'er thy injur'd people's cries
Ascend before thy awful throne,
All dreadful bright thy terrors rise,
And make thy grace and justice known.
- 6 Thou art the confidence and stay
Of the wide earth's remotest ends;
And those who try the dangerous sea,
On thee their hope, their all depends.
- 7 Thy awful word, with potent sound,
Firm bade the solid mountains stand;
Thy power encircles nature round;
All nature rests upon thy hand.
- 8 That word which stills the raging seas,
When the loud waves tempestuous roar,
Commands the warring world to peace;
And noise and tumult are no more.

- 9 Thy dreadful signs display'd abroad,
Fill trembling nations with surprise ;
The trembling nations own the God,
And lift their supplicating eyes.
- 10 The rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice ;
Both in their turns thy power display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.
- 11 Earth's wide-extended varying scenes,
All smiling round, thy bounty show ;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.
- 12 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares !
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.
- 13 Thy sweet refreshing showers attend,
And through the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend ;
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.
- 14 Thy goodness crowns the circling year,
Thy paths drop fatness all around ;
Ev'n barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.
- 15 Here spreading flocks adorn the plain,
There plenty every charm displays ;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

PSALM LXXVII.

- 1 **T**O God I rais'd my earnest cries,
To God, who rules the earth and skies ;
His sovereign mercy deign'd to hear
My loud complaints with pitying ear.

- 2 The tedious day was spent in grief,
In humble prayer I sought relief ;
But day and night the restless smart
Denied sweet comfort to my heart.
- 3 I thought on God with terrors arm'd ;
New troubles then my soul alarm'd !
Then overwhelming sorrows rose,
Nor could complaining ease my woes.
- 4 Thy terrors, Lord, forbid my rest,
And silent anguish fills my breast ;
And now in sad reflection rise
Past days and years before my eyes.
- 5 My nightly songs I call to mind,
And try some gleam of joy to find ;
But search this wretched heart in vain,
For all is darkness, grief and pain.
- 6 Will God for ever leave his care ?
Must I no more his favour share ?
Shall long-lost mercy ne'er prevail ?
And can his word for ever fail ?
- 7 Array'd in frowns his angry face,
Has God forgot his wonted grace ?
And clos'd the full, the boundless store
Of mercy, ne'er to open more ?
- 8 But I rebuke my drooping heart,
Far hence ye guilty fears depart :
Still will I call past comforts o'er,
And trust almighty love and power.
- 9 This drooping heart again shall trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace ;
The mighty works my God has wrought,
Shall still employ my voice, my thought.

- 10 Thy way, O God, thy wondrous way,
While in thy temple I survey,
Struck with astonishment, I cry,
Where is a power so great, so high ?
- 11 Whoe'er surveys thy works must own
That thou art God, and thou alone ;
Thy favours to thy chosen care
The wonders of thy power declare.
- 12 Thy potent arm, for ever near,
Control'd their foes, control'd their fear ;
And Jacob's sons (distinguish'd race !)
Confess'd thy kind delivering grace.
- 13 The waters with thy presence aw'd,
Beheld, and own'd their maker, God ;
The ocean shook with all its waves,
And trembled through its deepest caves.
- 14 The full clouds pour'd their watery store ;
Amid the storm's impetuous roar,
Thy dreadful arrows flew abroad,
And sounding skies proclaim'd the God !
- 15 Thy awful voice in thunder broke,
Heaven listen'd while th' Almighty spoke ;
While o'er the world keen lightnings spread,
Earth trembled with unusual dread !
- 16 Thy path, O Lord, thy trackless way,
Lies in the deep unfathom'd sea ;
No mortal thought can ever trace
Thy steps of wisdom, power and grace.
- 17 Thy people found thy guardian care ;
Where'er they wander'd, God was there ;
Till guided by thy prophet's hand,
They reach'd secure the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear !
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 With strong desire my spirit faints,
I languish for thy blest abode ;
This throbbing heart, oh, how it pants !
And all my powers cry out for God.
- 3 The sparrows near thy altar live,
And swallows there a nest obtain ;
My God, my king, and wilt thou give
To birds, what I desire in vain ?
- 4 Oh, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in these abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
- 5 Happy the men, whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires !
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 6 Through Baca's thirsty vale they go ;
But God commands, and springs arise,
And showers descend with copious flow,
To yield the pilgrim full supplies.
- 7 Still they pursue the painful road,
Increasing strength surmounts their fear ;
Till all at length before their God,
In Sion's glorious courts appear.
- 8 O Lord of hosts, attend my prayer,
Our father's God, thy ear incline ;
Shield of our lives, reveal thy care,
And on thy own anointed shine.

- 9 One day within thy sacred gate,
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 10 God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 11 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down on souls sincere:
And grace shall guide, and glory crown
The happy favourites of his care.
- 12 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 **O** LORD, my life, my Saviour God,
Hear, while I spread my woes abroad;
While day and night my mournful cries
Before thy throne incessant rise.
- 2 Let thy indulgent pitying ear
Incline to my distressful prayer;
With sorrow my full heart o'erflows,
And o'er me soon the grave will close.
- 3 My strength is lost, my life resign'd,
Among the dead my place assign'd;
Cut off from life, from hope and thee,
Scarce are the slain more lost than me.
- 4 Low in the grave my hopes are laid,
And darkness spreads its deepest shade;
Thy dreadful wrath afflicts my soul,
Like whelming waves thy terrors roll.

- 5 Far from these wretched eyes remov'd,
Are all the friends whom once I lov'd;
They fly my sorrows, while I moan,
Confin'd, unpitied, and alone.
- 6 In vain to ease my hopeless woe,
The streaming tears incessant flow ;
To thee, O Lord, I breathe my cries,
And stretch my hands, and lift my eyes.
- 7 Wilt thou from dust thy wonders raise ?
And shall the dead awake to praise ?
Thy kindness shall the grave record ?
Or life destroy'd adore thy word ?
- 8 Where ne'er one cheering ray of light
Breaks through the deep, the solid night,
Shall thy almighty power be known ?
Thy truth, shall dark oblivion own ?
- 9 Yet still to thee my cries ascend ;
My earnest cries, O Lord, attend ;
My nightly groans, my morning prayer,
Shall seek thee still with restless care.
- 10 Why, Lord, wilt thou reject my soul ?
Thy smile can all my cares control ;
Why wilt thou hide thy blissful face,
While I in vain implore thy grace ?
- 11 Afflicted long have I complain'd,
And long a dying life sustain'd ;
Expressless pain thy frowns impart,
Distracting horrors wound my heart.
- 12 Thy fierce displeasure who can bear ?
'Tis death array'd in black despair ;
Like swelling floods thy terrors rise,
O'erwhelm my heart, and comfort dies.

- 13 My dearest friends who shar'd my heart,
Far from those mournful scenes depart ;
While o'er my solitary head
Dark shades and dismal silence spread.

PSALM XC.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.
- 2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 Destruction waits thy awful word,
While mortal hope expiring mourns ;
Obedient nature owns her Lord,
And dying man to dust returns.
- 4 Great Father of eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight !
A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Like one short, silent watch of night !
- 5 Thy anger, like a swelling flood,
Comes o'er the world with dreadful sway ;
The tempest speaks the offended God,
And sweeps the guilty race away.
- 6 Uncertain life, how soon it flies !
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom !
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.
- 7 Consum'd by thy vindictive frown,
Our blessings and our lives decay ;
Our spirits sink despairing down,
And every comfort dies away.

- 8 Full in thy view our crimes appear,
Thy eye beholds each secret fault,
And marks, in holiness severe,
The sins of every inmost thought.
- 9 Our days, alas, how short their bound !
Though slow and sad they seem to run,
Revolving years roll swiftly round,
A mournful tale, but quickly done.
- 10 Perhaps to threescore years and ten
Protracted; or if longer still,
Ah, what can more, but lengthen'd pain,
The last sad tedious period fill ?
- 11 What mortal thought can comprehend
The awful glories of thy throne ?
Not all the terrors fear can lend,
Can make thy dreadful vengeance known.
- 12 Teach us to count our shortening days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.
- 13 O may thy favour, Lord, return,
Nor thy bright presence long delay ;
Nor let thy servants vainly mourn,
And weep their wretched lives away.
- 14 Soon let thy mercy cheer our hearts,
And tune our grateful songs of praise ;
And let the joy thy smile imparts,
Enliven all our future days.
- 15 O make our sacred pleasures rise,
In sweet proportion to our pains,
Till ev'n the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.

- 16 Let thy almighty work appear,
 With power and evidence divine ;
 And may the bliss thy servants share,
 Continued to their children shine.
- 17 Thy glorious image fair imprest,
 Let all our hearts and lives declare ;
 Beneath thy kind protection blest,
 May all our labours own thy care.

PSALM XCIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the God of glory reigns,
 In robes of majesty array'd ;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
 And guides the worlds his hands have made.
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
 Or ere the heavens were stretch'd abroad,
Thy awful throne was fix'd above ;
 From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
 Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
 And foam and lash the trembling shore.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
 Controls the fiercely raging seas ;
He speaks ! and noise and tempest fly,
 The waves sink down in gentle peace.
- 5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
 Eternal holiness is thine ;
And, Lord, thy people should be pure,
 And in thy blest resemblance shine.

PSALM CII.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear thy servant's humble prayer,
And let my mournful cry
Ascend, and reach thy gracious ear,
And move thy pitying eye.
- 2 O do not hide thy blissful face,
When fears and sorrows rise ;
But hear, and let thy sovereign grace
Return with quick supplies.
- 3 My days like smoke consume away,
And this poor dying frame
Sinks down to ruin and decay,
Scorch'd with affliction's flame.
- 4 My spirit fails, my hopes decline,
Like withering grass they fade ;
And while beneath thy stroke I pine,
How tasteless is my bread !
- 5 My strength, with oft-repeated groans,
Is wasting fast away,
And leaves this skin, these feeble bones,
To wrinkles, and decay.
- 6 Like a poor solitary fowl,
Which in the desert roves,
Or like the melancholy owl,
That nightly haunts the groves,
- 7 I spend the watchful night alone,
Slow moves the tiresome shade,
While, like the plaintive bird, I moan,
All desolate and sad.
- 8 While all the day my cruel foes
In sharp reproaches join,
And more to aggravate my woes
Against my life combine.

- 9 My taste no food with comfort cheers,
 'Tis ashes mix'd with woe ;
And mingling with my drink, my tears
 In briny torrents flow.
- 10 What comfort e'er can cheer my taste,
 Beneath thy angry frown ?
Rais'd by thy smile, I once was blest,
 But thou hast cast me down.
- 11 I sink with hope's departing ray,
 And life expiring fails ;
So the faint shadow dies away,
 When gloomy night prevails.
- 12 But thou, O Lord, shall still endure,
 Thy truth shall ne'er decay ;
Thy love unalterably sure,
 While ages roll away.
- 13 In Sion's cause thou wilt arise,
 Thy mercy dawns around ;
The time is come, her sorrow flies,
 And all her hopes are crown'd.
- 14 That Sion which thy servants love,
 Each heart her memory wears ;
Their passions o'er her ruins move,
 In sadly pleasing tears.
- 15 So shall the heathen nations fear
 The Lord's exalted name :
Earth's haughty monarchs low revere
 Thy majesty supreme.
- 16 When Sion's God, with power array'd,
 Shall build her frame anew,
Then shall his glory be display'd
 To our admiring view.

- 17 O let the humble destitute
 Ne'er sink in sad despair ;
The Lord will hear their mournful suit,
 And answer all their prayer.
- 18 His truth, his mercy and his power
 Shall fill the blest record ;
And future ages shall adore
 And love and praise the Lord.
- 19 From heaven, his high eternal throne,
 (O condescending grace !)
Th' Almighty looks with pity down
 On earth's low worthless race.
- 20 He sees the groaning prisoner's pain,
 And brings a kind reprieve ;
His hand shall loose the fatal chain,
 And bid the victim live :
- 21 Live to declare his glorious name,
 And spread his praise abroad,
And in his sacred courts proclaim
 The mercy of his God.
- 22 Assembled there his saints attend,
 And songs of praise repeat ;
And there united nations bend,
 And worship at his feet.
- 23 In life's mid-way my strength declin'd,
 But 'twas my father's hand ;
My shortening days flew swift as wind,
 At his supreme command.
24. I said, to thee, my God, I pray,
 Whose years for ever last :
O take me not so soon away,
 Ere half my days are past.

- 25 Earth's old foundations thou hast laid ;
The heavens (a glorious frame !)
By thy almighty hand were spread,
And speak their Maker's name.
- 26 Their shining wonders all shall fade ;
By thy controlling power,
Chang'd like a vesture quite decay'd :
But thou shalt still endure.
- 27 Thy bright perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.
- 28 Thy servant's children still thy care,
Shall own their father's God ;
To latest times thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

PSALM CIII.

- 1 **A**WAKE my soul, awake my tongue,
My God demands the grateful song,
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.
- 2 Divinely free, his mercy flows,
Forgives my crimes, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.
- 3 He fills my longing soul with good,
Substantial bliss ! immortal food !
Youth smiles renew'd in active prime,
And triumphs o'er the power of time.
- 4 In him the poor opprest shall find
A friend almighty, just and kind ;
His glorious acts, his wondrous ways,
By Moses taught, proclaim his praise.

- 5 How free his plenteous mercies flow !
But his reluctant wrath how slow !
He chides, but soon his smile returns,
Nor long his dreadful anger burns.
- 6 How far beyond our vile deserts
Is every gift his hand imparts !
High as the bright expanded skies,
His vast unbounded mercies rise.
- 7 As distant as creating power
Has fix'd the east and western shore ;
So far our numerous crimes remove,
At the sweet voice of pardoning love.
- 8 The tenderest yearning nature knows,
A father's love, too faintly shows
The ever-kind indulgent care
Which God's own happy children share.
- 9 He knows our frame, surveys our birth,
Compos'd of dust, frail sons of earth ;
Man like a fair but short-liv'd flower,
Springs up and blooms one smiling hour.
- 10 But if a noxious blast arise,
Sudden its transient glory flies :
Those charms which made the scene so gay,
Steal from the sight and die away.
- 11 But mercy with unchanging rays
For ever shines, while time decays ;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord,
- 12 To those, who with delightful awe,
Love and obey his sacred law,
Whose hearts with warm devotion glow,
Whose lives their grateful duty show.

- 13 The Lord is king, his hand alone
Has fix'd in heaven his radiant throne ;
He sends his sovereign laws abroad,
And heaven and earth confess the God.
- 14 Immortal, form'd by power divine,
Attending angels round him shine,
Observant wait his sacred will,
And his commands with joy fulfil.
- 15 Ye heavenly hosts adore the Lord,
Who form'd you to obey his word ;
Let everlasting praises rise
Through the bright armies of the skies.
- 16 While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name ;
O let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend and join the blissful song.

PSALM CXVI.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord, his gracious ear
Inclin'd to my distressful prayer ;
He heard my supplicating voice,
And bade my fainting heart rejoice.
- 2 For this, when future sorrows rise,
To him I'll breathe my humble cries ;
For this, through all my future days,
Adore his name and sing his praise.
- 3 Death spread around his fatal chains,
To drag me to infernal pains ;
I felt the agonizing dart,
And horror seiz'd my trembling heart.
- 4 'Twas then in my extreme distress,
I call'd upon the God of grace,
Whose power can death and hell control
Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul.

- 5 For ever gracious is the Lord,
For ever faithful to his word ;
By sweet experience now I prove,
His mercy, his unchanging love.
- 6 The Lord preserves with tender care
The weak, the humble, and sincere ;
Low in the dust my hopes were laid,
But God appear'd with timely aid.
- 7 Return my soul, and sweetly rest
On thy almighty Father's breast ;
The bounties of his grace adore,
And count his wondrous mercies o'er.
- 8 Thy mercy, Lord, preserv'd my breath,
And snatch'd my fainting soul from death,
Remov'd my sorrows, dried my tears,
And sav'd me from surrounding snares.
- 9 Now will I walk before the Lord,
A living witness to his word ;
With faith and prayer I sought his face,
My griefs were great, and great his grace.
- 10 No meaner help, no mortal art,
Could ease the anguish of my heart ;
My hasty tongue, in rash replies,
Pronounc'd the words of men but lies.
- 11 What shall I render to the Lord ?
Or how his wondrous grace record :
To him my grateful voice I'll raise,
And pour libations to his praise.
- 12 His crowded courts shall see me pay,
The vows of my distressful day ;
In life and death the saints shall find
Their guardian God for ever kind.

- 13 Thy servant, Lord, is wholly thine,
By nature's ties, and bonds divine ;
From deep distress and sorrow free,
Anew I give myself to thee.
- 14 To thee, with sacrifice of praise,
My invocations I will raise ;
To thee my vows shall warm ascend,
While crowds the solemn rites attend.
- 15 O Salem, in thy sacred courts,
Where glory dwells and joy resorts,
To notes divine I'll tune the song,
And praise shall flow from every tongue.

PSALM CXXX.

- 1 **F**ROM the dark borders of despair
To thee, my God, I cry ;
O wilt thou pitying hear my prayer,
And every plaintive sigh.
- 2 Lord, who shall stand before thy face,
If thou shouldst mark our faults
With eye severe ? what hope of grace
Could cheer my mournful thoughts ?
- 3 But sovereign mercy dwells with thee,
Hope dawns amid my fears ;
Divine forgiveness, large and free,
Shall stay my flowing tears.
- 4 On God alone my soul would wait,
His sacred word my stay ;
His sacred word can light create,
And turn my night to day.
- 5 As those who wait with longing eyes
To see the cheerful morn,
So shall my ardent wishes rise,
Till thou, my God, return.

- 6 Let fainting Israel on the Lord
 With cheerful hope recline,
 For power and mercy in his word
 With boundless glory shine.
- 7 Unnumber'd though their sins appear,
 And fill their hearts with pain,
 His saving love dispels their fear,
 And cleanses every stain.

PSALM CXXXIII.

- 1 **H**OW pleasing is the scene, how sweet !
 When kindred souls in friendship join ;
 Whose joys and cares united meet,
 In bands of amity divine.
- 2 Less fragrant was the ointment pour'd
 On Aaron's consecrated head,
 When balmy sweets profusely shower'd,
 Down to his sacred vesture spread.
- 3 Not flowery Hermon e'er display'd,
 (Impearl'd with dew,) a fairer sight ;
 Nor Sion's beauteous hills, array'd
 In golden beams of morning light.
- 4 'Tis here the Lord indulgent sheds
 His kindest gifts, a heavenly store ;
 With life immortal crowns their heads,
 When earth's frail comforts please no more.

PSALM CXXXVII.

- 1 **W**HERE Babel's rivers winding stray,
 A silent, cool retreat we chose ;
 There lost in thoughtful sadness lay,
 And pondering o'er our mighty woes.

- 2 Our mighty woes increasing rise,
Revolving Sion's hapless fate ;
And louder griefs, and streaming eyes,
Deplore her wretched, ruin'd state.
- 3 No more could music sooth our cares ;
Our harps neglected and unstrung,
(Vanish'd their once delightful airs,)
All silent on the willows hung.
- 4 Our barbarous masters mock'd our pains,
While with insulting haughty tongues,
They bade us tune the charming strains,
And give them one of Sion's songs.
- 5 Ah, no ; shall Sion's sacred airs,
Inspir'd by heaven, be thus prophan'd ?
Be sung to please such ears as theirs,
Whose impious arms destroy'd our land ?
- 6 Far from our dear-lov'd native soil,
Shall we resume the pleasing lay ?
Can rugged bondage wear a smile,
Or ever-wasting grief be gay ?
- 7 If I forget thy ruin'd state,
Jerusalem, my heart's desire,
Then let my useless hand forget
Her skill to strike the sounding lyre.
- 8 If I indulge a mirthful song,
Or thy dear name my memory leave ;
All silent, let my faithless tongue
Fast to my mouth for ever cleave.
- 9 Jerusalem, lamented name !
Shall still my mournful voice employ !
And I the sadly pleasing theme
Prefer to every thought of joy.

- 10 Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons,
Who cruel, urg'd the conquering foe,
To raze her beauteous towers at once,
And lay her lofty structures low.
- 11 Such ruin, Babel, thou shalt share,
And sure reward awaits thy guilt ;
Then shall thy heart untaught to spare,
Repay the blood thy hand has spilt.
- 12 Happy the man who then shall rise,
(While heaven the righteous vengeance owns,)
And dash with unrelenting eyes,
Thy bleeding babes against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

- 1 **T**O thee, my God, my heart shall bring
The lively grateful song ;
Attending kings shall hear me sing,
With rapture on my tongue.
- 2 Before thy throne with prostrate joy,
I will adore thy name ;
Thy praise shall be my best employ,
Thy love and truth my theme.
- 3 Amid the glories of thy name,
Thy truth exalted shines !
A faithful God thy words proclaim
In everlasting lines.
- 4 When in the day of deep distress,
To thee, my God, I cried,
With strength divine thy powerful grace
My fainting soul supplied.
- 5 The monarchs of the earth shall hear,
And join my sacred lays ;
Thy glorious name with joy revere,
And sing thy wondrous praise.

- 6 The eternal God looks kindly down,
And smiles on humble souls ;
But from afar his piercing frown
The sons of pride controls.
- 7 What though around my painful way
Continual trouble grows ;
Thy saving hand shall be my stay,
And crush my wrathful foes.
- 8 Thou, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfil,
To thee the work belongs ;
Let endless mercy guide me still,
And tune my grateful songs.

PSALM CXLII.

- 1 **T**O God, the refuge of his saints,
I humbly breath'd my ardent prayer,
And pour'd out all my long complaints,
And spread before him every care.
- 2 My spirit overwhelm'd with grief,
Surrounding snares beset my way ;
Of thee, O Lord, I sought relief,
Whose eyes my devious path survey.
- 3 All other helps I found were vain,
And hope, and friends, and comfort fail'd ;
To thee alone I told my pain,
While yet my potent fears prevail'd.
- 4 To thee, my God, I breath'd my cries,
Dear refuge of my fainting heart ;
Thou all on whom my hope relies,
I am undone if thou depart.
- 5 Thou see'st me wretched, weak, and low ;
O Lord, attend my plaintive cry,
And save me from my every foe :
My foes how strong ! how weak am I !

- 6 O free my soul, dissolve the chain,
Then shall I spread thy praise abroad ;
Thy saints shall join the cheerful strain,
And speak the bounties of my God.

PSALM CXLIH.

- 1 **H**EAR, O my God, with pity hear
My humble supplicating moan ;
In mercy answer all my prayer,
And make thy truth and goodness known.
- 2 And O let mercy still be nigh ;
Should awful justice frown severe,
Before the terrors of thine eye,
What trembling mortal can appear ?
- 3 My persecuting foes prevail,
Almost I yield my struggling breath ;
The cheerful rays of comfort fail,
And sink me to the shades of death.
- 4 While thus oppressive sorrows flow,
Unintermitting o'er my head ;
My inmost powers are whelm'd in woe,
And all my hopes and joys are fled.
- 5 I call to mind the former days ;
Thy ancient works declare thy name,
Thy truth, thy goodness, and thy grace ;
And these, O Lord, are still the same.
- 6 To thee, I stretch my suppliant hands,
To thee my longing soul aspires ;
As cheering showers to thirsty lands,
Come, Lord, and fill these strong desires.
- 7 Come, Lord, on wings of mercy fly,
My spirit fails at thy delay ;
Hide not thy face ; I faint, I die,
Without thy blissful healing ray.

- 8 Speak to my heart ; the gloomy night
Shall vanish, and sweet morning break ;
In thee I trust, my guide, my light,
Teach me the way my feet should take.
- 9 My soul's desires ascend to thee,
O save me from my numerous foes ;
To thy kind guardian wing I flee,
For safe defence and sweet repose.
- 10 Teach me to do thy sacred will ;
Thou art my God, my hope, my stay ;
Let thy good spirit lead me still,
And point the safe, the upright way.
- 11 Thy name, thy righteousness I plead,
O Lord, revive my drooping heart ;
Let these distressing fears recede,
And bid my troubles all depart.
- 12 Those unrelenting foes destroy,
Which thus against my peace combine ;
Then shall thy service be my joy,
And all my active powers be thine.

PSALM CXLIV.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Lord, my strength, my shield,
Amid the dangers of the field ;
'Tis he instructs me for the fight,
And arms me with resistless might.
- 2 His constant love, his saving power,
Is my defence, my sacred tower ;
Rebellion hears his potent word,
And my glad people own their Lord.
- 3 Lord, what is man, that he should share
Thy kind regard, thy constant care ?
Can all the weak, the wretched race,
Deserve such condescending grace ?

- 4 Man's short existence, frail at best,
Is empty vanity confess'd ;
His life, a shadow, fleets away,
And leaves no traces of its stay.
- 5 Descend from heaven, almighty Lord,
And earth shall tremble at thy word ;
The smoking hills with conscious fear,
Shall own their awful Maker near.
- 6 While thy keen pointed lightnings fly,
Like flaming arrows through the sky,
My foes dispers'd shall rise no more,
Nor dare the terrors of thy power.
- 7 O let thy potent arm control ,
These threatening waves that round me roll,
These sons of vanity that rise,
With fraudulent hands and impious lies.
- 8 Then shall thy name new songs inspire,
And wake to joy the sounding lyre,
And every tuneful string shall raise
In various notes, my grateful praise.
- 9 'Tis power divine, 'tis God alone,
Whom kings preserv'd in dangers, own ;
Who saves, in war's tumultuous strife,
From raging swords his servant's life.
- 10 O Lord, thy saving power oppose
To these invading threatening foes ;
These strangers to thy sacred laws,
Whose boast is vain, and false their cause.
- 11 Then shall our sons beneath thy care,
Grow up like plants erect and fair ;
Our daughters shall like pillars rise,
Where royal buildings charm the eyes.

- 12 Then plenty shall our stores increase,
Plenty, the lovely child of peace ;
The fold its fleecy wealth shall yield,
And pour its thousands o'er the field.
- 13 The well-fed ox shall then afford
His cheerful labours to his lord ;
No more shall cruel plunder reign,
Nor want, nor misery complain.
- 14 O happy people ! favour'd state !
Whom such peculiar blessings wait ;
Happy ! who on the Lord depend,
Their God, their guardian, and their friend.

PSALM CXLV.

- 1 **M**Y God, my king, to thee I'll raise
My voice, and all my powers ;
Unwearied songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise,
And tune my everlasting song,
When all creation dies.
- 3 Great is the Lord ! our souls adore,
We wonder whilst we praise !
His power what creature can explore,
Or equal honours raise ?
- 4 Yet shall thy works, almighty Lord,
Our noblest songs adorn ;
Thy glorious acts we will record,
For ages yet unborn.
- 5 Thy praise shall be my awful theme,
The wonders of thy power ;
I'll speak the honours of thy name,
And bid the world adore.

- 6 The men that hear my sacred lyre,
 Shall spread thy praise around ;
While thy tremendous deeds inspire
 To notes of solemn sound.
- 7 But sweetly flowing strains shall tell
 The riches of thy grace ;
And songs of grateful joy reveal
 Thy spotless righteousness.
- 8 How full the Lord's compassions flow !
 His wrath, how slow to rise !
Swift pardon smiles upon his brow,
 And every terror dies.
- 9 How large his tender mercies are !
 How wide his power extends !
On his beneficence and care
 The universe depends.
- 10 Great God, whilst nature speaks thy praise,
 With all her numerous tongues,
Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,
 And love inspire their songs.
- 11 Thy power and grandeur they shall sing,
 The glories of thy reign ;
Thy wondrous deeds, Almighty King,
 Shall fill the raptur'd strain.
- 12 Thy kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
 While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
 While ages roll away.
- 13 The falling saint, with powerful grace,
 The God of love will raise ;
The humble, bending with distress
 Shall rise and speak his praise.

- 14 To thee, O Lord, for daily meat,
Thy creatures lift their eyes ;
On thee, their common Father, wait,
From thee receive supplies.
- 15 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its inexhausted store ;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.
- 16 Holy and just in all its ways ,
Is providence divine ;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.
- 17 Whoe'er invokes the God of grace,
Shall find him ever near ;
To all that humbly seek his face
He lends a pitying ear.
- 18 His pitying ear attends the cry
Of those who fear his name ;
Their every want he will supply,
And raise their sinking frame.
- 19 How blest in his protecting care,
The souls who love the Lord !
While impious men his vengeance dare,
And die beneath his sword.
- 20 The praise of God, delightful theme !
Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

PSALM CXLVI.

- 1 **Y**E sons of Zion, praise the Lord,
Come tune your songs in sweet accord,
Awake my soul, awake and join
The sacred hymn, in notes divine.

- 2 The praises of my God, my king,
(While I have life or breath to sing,)
Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
'Till heaven improve the blissful song.
- 3 No more in princes vainly trust,
Frail sons of earth ; man is but dust !
With all his pride, with all his power,
The helpless creature of an hour.
- 4 He breathes, he thinks, but ah, he dies
No more the potent, or the wise ;
The scheme his morning thoughts begun,
Sinks down before the setting sun.
- 5 Happy the man, whose hopes divine
On Israel's guardian God recline !
Who can with sacred transport say,
This God is mine, my help, my stay.
- 6 Heaven, earth, and sea declare his name ;
He built and fill'd their spacious frame :
But o'er creation's fairest lines
His stedfast truth unchanging shines.
- 7 His justice favours those who mourn,
Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn ;
The hungry poor his hand sustains,
And breaks the wretched captive's chains.
- 8 To sightless eyes, long clos'd in night
His touch restores the joys of light ;
Poor mourners rais'd confess his care,
He loves the humble and sincere.
- 9 If wandering strangers friendless roam,
Divine protection is their home ;
The Lord relieves the widow's cares,
And dries the weeping orphan's tears.

- 10 But vengeance waits the impious race
Who hate his laws, and scorn his grace ;
Their ways to sure destruction tend,
And all their hopes in ruin end.
- 11 The Lord shall reign for ever king,
And age to age his glory sing ;
Thy God, O happy Zion, reigns,
Resound his praise in joyful strains.

PSALM CXLVII.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord : Oh, blissful theme,
To sing the honours of his name !
'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,
And praise is lovely in his sight !
- 2 His Salem now the Lord restores ;
No more her ruin she deplores ;
Again the scatter'd tribes return,
And Israel's sons no longer mourn.
- 3 No more their breaking hearts despair,
He binds their wounds with tender care ;
His healing hand removes their pain,
And cheerful comfort smiles again.
- 4 He counts the host of starry flames,
Knows all their natures and their names ;
Great is our God ! his wondrous power
And boundless wisdom we adore.
- 5 How gracious is the Lord ! how kind !
To raise the meek dejected mind ;
But awful terrors in his frown,
Shall cast rebellious sinners down.
- 6 Sing to the Lord, let praise inspire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre ;
In strains of joy, proclaim abroad
The endless glories of our God.

- 7 He veils the sky with treasur'd showers ;
On earth the plenteous blessing pours ;
The mountains smile in lively green,
And fairer blooms the flowery scene.
- 8 His bounteous hand, (great spring of good !)
Provides the brute creation food ;
He feeds the ravens when they cry ;
All nature lives beneath his eye.
- 9 In nature what can him delight,
Most lovely in its Maker's sight ?
Not active strength his favour moves,
Nor comely form he best approves.
- 10 Dear to the Lord, for ever dear,
The heart where he implants his fear ;
The souls who on his grace rely,
These, these are lovely in his eye.
- 11 Jerusalem, his honours raise ;
Thy God, O Sion, claims thy praise ;
His mighty arm defends thy gates,
His blessing on thy children waits.
- 12 Sweet peace, to crown the happy scene,
O'er thy fair border smiles serene ;
The finest wheat luxuriant grows,
And joyful plenty round thee flows.
- 13 He speaks ! and swiftly from the skies
To earth the sovereign mandate flies ;
Observant nature hears his word,
And bows obedient to her Lord.
- 14 Now thick descending flakes of snow,
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw ;
Now glittering frost o'er all the plains
Extends its universal chains.

- 15 At his fierce storms of icy hail
The shivering powers of nature fail ;
Before his cold what life can stand,
Unshelter'd by his guardian hand ?
- 16 He speaks ! the ice and snows obey,
And nature's fetters melt away ;
Now vernal gales soft rising blow,
And murmuring waters gently flow.
- 17 But nobler works his grace record,
To Israel he reveals his word ;
To Jacob's happy sons alone
He makes his sacred precepts known.
- 18 Such bliss no other nation shares,
The laws of heaven are only theirs ;
Ye favour'd tribes your voices raise,
And bless your God in songs of praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

- 1 COME praise the Lord, ye tuneful bands,
Ye saints assembled in his name ;
New strains of joy your God demands,
New mercies all your praises claim.
- 2 Let Israel's tribes, with blessings crown'd,
Their God, their mighty Maker sing ;
And Sion's sons with joy resound
The endless glories of their king.
- 3 His name the measur'd dance shall guide,
And joy and sacred mirth inspire ;
His name shall o'er the song preside,
And tune the sweet the charming lyre.
- 4 He bends complacent to your praise,
Your God approves the blest employ ;
The thankful meek, his love will raise
To crowns of everlasting joy.

- 5 O let the saints aloud rejoice,
And sounds of glory fill the song ;
All day let rapture tune their voice,
And night the blissful strain prolong.
- 6 Let every mouth be fill'd with praise,
The God of heaven their awful theme ;
Whilst his resistless sword displays,
In heaven-taught hands, his dreadful name.
- 7 Bright terrors wait his high commands,
When justice waves the flaming sword,
Vindictive o'er the heathen lands,
Which hate his saints, and scorn his word.
- 8 While haughty princes bound in chains,
Confess the just, the powerful God ;
Let awful joy in warlike strains,
Proclaim his glorious acts abroad.
- 9 His hand, thus righteously severe,
Fulfills the threatenings of his word ;
Thus honour'd shall the saints appear ;
Adore the great, the glorious Lord.

PSALM CL.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; let praise employ,
In his own courts your songs of joy ;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.
- 2 Recount his works in strains divine ;
His wondrous works how bright they shine ;
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.
- 3 Awake the trumpet's piercing sound,
To spread your sacred pleasures round ;
While sweeter music tunes the lute,
The warbling harp, and breathing flute.

- 4 Ye virgin train with joy advance,
To praise him in the graceful dance ;
To praise awake each tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing.
- 5 Let the loud cymbal sounding high,
To softer deeper notes reply ;
Harmonious let the concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.
- 6 Let all whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir ;
But chiefly you who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

END OF PSALMS.

POEMS.

HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS, by all admir'd, pursu'd,
How oft defin'd, how seldom understood,
And always at a painful distance view'd!

Thy charms, alluring, in fair prospect rise;
They court our eager arms and longing eyes,
And prompt our fond desires and restless sighs.

If thou art but a dream, an empty name,
Then why this active power, this quenchless flame,
By heaven implanted in the human frame?

The great Creator, just, and good, and wise,
The wants of all his creatures well supplies,
Nor blessings to the lowest rank denies.

Shall man alone unsatisfied remain?
And doom'd to ceaseless unavailing pain,
Must all his ardent wishes rise in vain?

No, there is nobler bliss for man design'd,
A happiness of an immortal kind,
Wide as his wishes, ample as his mind.

Earth never can bestow the sovereign good;
The sacred word, unerring, points the road,
To happiness, to glory, and to God.

But foolish mortals oft mistake the way;
In search of bliss on earth, we anxious stray,
And take a meteor for the lamp of day.

Phantoms of pleasure rise, and smiling fair,
They tempt our feet through labyrinths of care,
'Till catching at the prize we grasp the air.

Almighty Goodness, call our hearts and eyes
From these deluding, tempting vanities,
And upward bid our ardent wishes rise.

O bid each fatal fair illusion flee,
Mark out our path from every error free,
And let us seek for bliss, alone, in thee.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

MARK, how the stately tree disdainful rears
His towering head, and mingles with the
clouds!

But by his fatal height, the more expos'd
To all the fury of the raging storm :
His honours fly, the sport of angry winds,
'Till the loud blast with direful stroke descends ;
Torn from his basis, low on earth he lies,
And the hills echo to the sounding fall.
So pride, with haughty port, defies in vain
The force of rough adversity, which rends
With double violence the stubborn heart.

But, like a tender plant, humility
Bends low before the threatening blast unhurt,
Eludes its rage, and lives through all the storm.

Pride is the livery of the Prince of Darkness,
Worn by his slaves, who glory in their shame ;
A gaudy dress, but tarnish'd, rent and foul,
And loathsome to the holy eye of heaven.

But sweet humility, a shining robe,
Bestow'd by heaven upon its favourite sons ;

The robe which God approves, and angels wear ;
Fair semblance of the glorious Prince of Light,
Who stoop'd to dwell (divine humility!)
With sinful worms, and poverty and scorn.

Pride is the source of discord, strife and war,
And all the endless train of heavy woes
Which wait on wretched man,—the direful sting
Of envy, and the dreaded frowns of scorn,
And gloomy discontent, and black despair.

But sweet humility, the source of peace,
Of amity and love, content and joy ;
Where she resides, a thousand blessings wait
To gild our lives, and form a heaven below.

Pride leads her wretched votaries to contempt,
To certain ruin, infamy, and death.

But sweet humility points out the way
To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.

Humility, how glorious ! how divine !
Thus cloth'd, and thus enrich'd, O may I shine ;
Be mine this treasure, this celestial robe,
And let the sons of pride possess the globe.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

HOW fondly those mistake who seek for joys
In crowds, and mirth and never ceasing noise :
Their mirth, how empty ! and their joys, how vain !
Reflection ever flies the laughing train.
Stunn'd with the din, thought sickens, and the mind
No true delight, no taste of bliss can find.

Alike they err, who leave the world to dwell
With gloomy sadness in a lonely cell ;
Heavy and dull, the joyless hours move on,
To all the sweets of social life unknown.

If pleasure smiles sincere below the skies,
That pleasure must from sacred friendship rise ;
Of all which animates the human frame,
The noblest ardour, and the purest flame :
Offspring of heaven !—there friendship all refin'd,
Immortal glows in each seraphic mind,
Mix'd with the streams of bliss for ever flows,
Nor change, decay, nor interruption knows :
A glorious native of the realms of love,
And only, in perfection, known above :
Yet is the blessing, by indulgent heaven,
Though in a less degree, to mortals given :
Its pleasing power by providence design'd,
To soften human cares, and mend the mind ;
To calm our passions by its gentle sway,
And bid them reason's sacred laws obey.
Friendship can often o'er the heart prevail,
When philosophic rules and maxims fail :
It turns to mutual tenderness the thought,
And views with kind indulgence every fault.
And where corrosives ought to be applied,
The gentle hand soft love and pity guide :
While each can bear reproof, and each reprove,
(All proud resentment lost in grateful love,)
Point out each fault, and blame yet not offend,
And free from nauseous flattery, can commend,
To merit its proportion'd honours raise ;
Alike exact the censure and the praise.

Friendship communicates our joys and pains,
And in each breast rejoices, or complains ;
Divides our weight of woe, relieves our cares,
And every pleasure heightens, as it shares.

While sacred virtue lights the holy fire,
By time uninjur'd, it will ne'er expire ;
No force of rough adversity can part,
Can tear the generous passion from the heart.

O Friendship, what sincere delights are thine !
Fair miniature of happiness divine ;
Propitious, pleasing, heaven-descended guest,
Who only with the virtuous few canst rest :
May thy kind influence smooth my path of life,
Still calm and peaceful, free from noisy strife,
Be virtue, sweet content, and friendship mine,
I at my humble lot shall ne'er repine.
From these alone more real pleasures flow,
Than the gay round of mirth or gaudy show,
Or all the charms of greatness can bestow.

ODE TO CONTENT.

COME charming guest, divine Content,
And chase my cares away ;
The sweetest bliss to mortals lent,
Is thy kind healing ray.

Thy presence smooths the face of woe,
And softens every pain ;
From thee a thousand pleasures flow,
A guiltless, lovely train.

Humility thy steps attends ;
Her sweetly pensive eyes
To earth in peaceful thought she bends,
Without a wish to rise.

With cheerful air and look sedate,
See gentle Patience nigh,
And Hope, fair sister, smiling wait
With heaven erected eye :

While Faith, (kind Seraph !) points her view
Beyond the starry plain,
To the bright worlds where ever new,
Immortal pleasures reign.

Thy comforts, O divine Content,
 From those fair regions flow ;
 For bliss sincere was never meant
 On earth's low soil to grow.

In cold affliction's dreary shade,
 Fresh-blooming joys are thine :
 Can wintry storms the heart invade
 When vernal sun-beams shine ?

Come then, thou dear delightful guest,
 Thy lov'd companions bring ;
 Come, take possession of my breast,
 And winter shall be spring.

A SIMILE.

OFT have I view'd the flowers while bright
 and gay,
 They gave their beauties to the noon-tide ray.

But short alas their bloom, and soon they fade,
 Unbless'd with cooling showers, or friendly shade.
 See the clouds blacken, heavy showers descend,
 The weak, soft race o'erladen, droop and bend,
 Recline their languid heads, and seem to mourn,
 Till the storm cease, and sunny beams return ;
 Then smiling, rise more lovely, bright and fair,
 And with new sweets perfume the ambient air.

Thus, to the soul affliction oft supplies
 New life, and bids declining virtue rise,
 The storm which seem'd awhile to oppress, revives
 Each fading grace, and strength and beauty gives :
 Their drooping powers, by heaven's kind influence
 fed,

A fairer bloom, and sweeter fragrance spread.

Pressed with affliction, let me then conclude
 That storms and sunshine, (kind vicissitude)
 Are mingled blessings, meant to work my good.

TO AMIRA ON HER MARRIAGE.

WHILE round you hourly gratulations rise,
 And joy and happiness, (gay soothing sounds)
 Salute your ear ; accept the artless wish
 That friendship dictates, breathing from the heart.

May gracious heaven the happy union crown,
 Propitious still and kind, with all the bliss
 Which mortals can enjoy ; may health, and peace,
 And love, and friendship guide the circling hours.
 Soft roll the circling hours, serene and fair,
 Still brightening as they roll : may true content
 With kindly mixture sweeten every care,
 Till scarce the unpleasing tincture can be found.

But earthly bliss is ever mix'd with pain,
 And thorns among its flowery pleasures grow.
 May all the joys, the nobler, purer joys
 Religion yields, be yours ; to fairer scenes,
 And brighter prospects, may your hopes ascend ;
 While heaven-born faith presents a charming glimpse
 Of that immortal paradise on high,
 Where pleasure blooms without a thorny care,
 And friendship smiles beyond the reach of pain.

ON THE SICKNESS OF A FRIEND.

SHALL fond expectance lean on earthly friends,
 Since earthly friends, (alas !) are born to die ;
 And disappointment waits, and grief attends
 The best, the dearest joys below the sky ?
 Why will this wretched, this deluded heart
 So fast to earth's uncertain comforts cleave ?
 'Tis but to cherish pain, to treasure smart,
 And teach the unavailing sigh to heave.
 Great source of good, attend my plaintive cries
 My weakness with indulgent pity see,
 And teach this restless, anxious heart to rise,
 And centre all its hopes and joys in thee.

Then, should my dearest earthly comforts die,
Should every friend (distressing thought !) depart ;
My refuge, my unfailing friend on high,
Will never, never leave this trembling heart.

Should sorrow like a whelming deluge roll,
And gloomy death appear on every wave ;
Then hope, blest anchor, shall sustain my soul,
And faith shall rise and triumph o'er the grave.

Then shall I meet my much lov'd friends above,
Safe landed on the ever-peaceful shore,
The blissful regions of immortal love,
Where happiness and friendship part no more.

THE FETTERED MIND.

AH ! why should this immortal mind,
Enslav'd by sense, be thus confin'd,
And never, never rise ?
Why thus amus'd with empty toys,
And sooth'd with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies ?

The mind was form'd to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things ;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight
Upon her drooping wings.

The world employs its various snares,
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
And chain'd to earth I lie :
When shall my fetter'd powers be free,
And leave these seats of vanity,
And upward learn to fly.

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
Invite my soul : O could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say to every tempting snare,
Heaven calls, and I must go.

Heaven calls ! and can I yet delay ?
Can aught on earth engage my stay ?
Ah wretched, lingering heart !
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist, and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

One word of thy resistless power,
Can bid my joyful spirit soar,
And scorn the feeble chain :
Come, bear my raptur'd thoughts above,
On pinions of seraphic love ;
And earth shall tempt in vain.

In vain, her syren voice may try,
To lure me downward, from the sky,
To this dark vale of tears ;
How will her transient glories fade,
And unregarded sink in shade,
When heaven's bright dawn appears ?

So, wandering meteors of the night,
Amuse the weary traveller's sight,
With fair deceitful ray ;
But all their glimmering lustre flies,
And every gay delusion dies
When Phœbus wakes the day.

TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

IF when the tender sympathizing sigh,
Swells the full heart, or melts the pitying eye,
The soft compassion could convey relief,
This heart should lessen, while it shar'd your grief.

Uncheck'd the sigh should rise, the sorrow flow,
And pleasure mingle with the kindred woe.
But this is vain, 'tis not in nature's power,
To cheer, with lightsome rays, the gloomy hour.
The soothing voice of friendship may beguile
Our cares, and sorrow wear a transient smile.
Poor solace ; soon the spreading gloom returns,
The heart that fain would comfort, only mourns.
Ah, wretched state ! must friendship ever share,
Yet never hope to ease the load of care,
Partake the anguish of infectious grief,
And wish in vain to bring a kind relief ?
Ah, wretched state ! each aching heart replies,
Till fainting, dying hope begins to rise :
Hope, heaven-born comforter, with cheerful air,
Sheds her kind lustre o'er the scenes of care ;
Her gentle whisper calms the rising sigh,
And weeping sorrow lifts her tearful eye ;
Nor lifts in vain, at his supreme command,
Who holds our welfare in his gracious hand :
His gracious hand alone, has power to heal,
Who pities, while he deals the pains we feel.
The springs of life are his ; and cares and pains
Fulfil whate'er his sacred will ordains.
He knows what most we need : when skill divine
Presents a bitter draught, shall we repine ?
While mercy mingles all with lenient art,
To ease the anguish of the throbbing heart.
The steps of providence, though we in vain
Attempt to trace, while clouds o'erspread the scene ;
Its dealings all are just, and wise, and kind ;
Our lesson this—" Be humble and resign'd !"
Through wilds and thorny paths our journey lies,
And darkness terrifies, and dangers rise.
O may our heavenly Father's guardian care,
Preserve our steps from every fatal snare :
Be his almighty arm our guide, our stay,
Through all the toils and terrors of the way.

No dangers can affright, if God is near,
 A present God can banish every fear ;
 His gracious smile can make the darkness fly,
 Smooth all the road, and brighten all the sky.
 "He is our sun :" his soul-reviving light,
 Alone, can chase the horrors of the night.
 "He is our shield :" when darts fly thick around,
 They fall repell'd, and fix no deadly wound.
 Our God ! our Guide ! O may we never stray,
 But trust his care, and keep the heavenly way ;
 Till safe we reach the happy seats of peace,
 And darkness, grief, and pain, and danger cease.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

A Death-watch ! how distinct it beats !—in vain
 It beats to me, nor brings one anxious pain.
 Thou gloomy insect, oft inspiring fear,
 Dreadful to superstition's listening ear ;
 How many start to hear thy fancied knell,
 Dismal and solemn as a passing bell !

And why must harmless insects be accus'd,
 When daily, hourly warnings are refus'd ?
 Each day, each hour accosts my ear or eye,
 Some monitor, which bids prepare to die.

See yonder stalk ! there lately grew a flower,
 'Tis gone, its glowing colours are no more.
 That bush, where roses smiled and breath'd perfume !
 How sweet their fragrance, and how gay their bloom !
 A few days since they bloom'd, now dropt and lost :
 Frail mortal life, behold how vain thy boast !
 Hark, near my side the clock, with solemn sound,
 Tells me how time pursues his constant round !
 Life on the wings of time flies swift away ;
 My last will come, and this may be the day.
 Each pain I feel, and every plaintive sigh,
 What does it speak ? this truth—"I soon must die."

Must die ! Is this a melancholy sound,
When endless life begins its blissful round ?
Thy poison'd arrow, death, wounds not the heart,
Which in the Saviour's blood can claim a part.
May this blest hope, (dear solace of my soul !)
With heavenly comfort all my fears control.
While faith points upward to the blest abode,
Of life immortal, and my Saviour God.
May that bright world its radiant dawn impart,
And be each hour a Death-watch to my heart.

ON CHILDREN'S PLAY.

OFT when the child in wanton play
Exerts his little powers,
And busy, trifling, toils away
In sports the circling hours ;
We smile to see his infant mind
So eager, so intent ;
But growing years new follies find,
As much on trifles bent.
Youth has its toys, when pleasure's charms
The fond pursuit invite :
But pleasure mocks the extended arms ;
Vain shadow of delight !
What are the joys of riper age ?
By time is folly cur'd ?
No, trifles still the heart engage,
And vanity matur'd.
If glittering riches tempt the eyes,
An envied, valu'd store ;
Thus children shells and counters prize,
And hoard and wish for more.
Or if aspiring fame employs
The eager, gazing train ;
The paper-kite of sportive boys,
Is not more light and vain.

Unsatisfied, and tir'd at last,
We must resign our breath,
(Life's empty cares and follies past,)
And evening close in death.

Thus children weary of their play,
With fretfulness oppress'd,
Throw all their little toys away,
And gently sink to rest.

Happy the mind, by heaven inspir'd
To scorn earth's empty toys ;
And with divine ambition fir'd,
Pursue sublimer joys !

Then, when the cares of life are o'er,
The parting soul shall rise,
And scenes of happiness explore,
Immortal in the skies.

TO BELINDA.

BELINDA to her utmost wish is blest !
But stay, my friend—that hasty thought
review—

New wishes yet will rise to break your rest ;
And if not lasting, can your bliss be true ?

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The toil is fruitless if you seek it there ;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms, but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of paradise, its seeds are sown
In here and there a mind of heavenly mould ;
It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er is known
To blossom fair, the climate is too cold.

Ah no, Belinda, you have only found
Some flower that charms your fancy, gaily dressed
In shining dyes, a native of the ground,
And think you are of happiness possessed.

But mark its date, to-morrow you may find
 The colours fade, the lovely form decay :
 And can that pleasure satisfy the mind,
 Which blooms, and fades, the solace of a day ?
 O may your erring wishes learn to rise
 Beyond the transient bliss which fancy knows !
 Search not on earth, explore its native skies ;
 There happiness in full perfection grows.

TO DELIA PENSIVE.

SAY, Delia, whence these cares arise,
 These anxious cares which rack your breast ?
 If heaven is infinitely wise,
 What heaven ordains, is right, is best.
 'Tis wisdom, mercy, love divine,
 Which mingles blessings with our cares ;
 And shall our thankless hearts repine
 That we obtain not all our prayers ?
 From diffidence our sorrows flow ;
 Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,
 Bend down their eyes to earth and woe,
 And doubt if providence is kind.
 Should heaven with every wish comply,
 Say would the grant relieve the care ?
 Perhaps the good for which we sigh,
 Might change its name, and prove a snare.
 Were once our vain desires subdued,
 The will resign'd, the heart at rest ;
 In every scene we should conclude,
 The will of heaven is right, is best.

TO AMIRA ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

SO fades the lovely, blooming flower
 Frail, smiling solace of an hour !

So soon our transient comforts fly,
 And pleasure only blooms to die !
 To certain trouble we are born,
 Hope to rejoice, but sure to mourn.
 Ah wretched effort ! sad relief,
 To plead necessity of grief !
 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
 To heal the anguish of the heart ?
 To ease the heavy load of care,
 Which nature must, but cannot bear ?
 Can reason's dictates be obey'd ?
 Too weak, alas, her strongest aid !
 O let religion then be nigh,
 Her comforts were not made to die ;
 Her powerful aid supports the soul,
 And nature owns her kind control ;
 While she unfolds the sacred page,
 Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
 And dying hope revives again ;
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
 And faith points upward to the sky ;
 The promise guides her ardent flight,
 And joys unknown to sense invite,
 Those blissful regions to explore,
 Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.

THE COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

O BLEST religion, heavenly fair !
 Thy kind, thy healing power,
 Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
 And gild each gloomy hour.

When dismal thoughts, and boding fears
 The trembling heart invade ;
 And all the face of nature wears,
 A universal shade :

Thy sacred dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul,
And every fear shall lose its rage
At thy divine control.

Through life's bewilder'd, darksome way,
Thy hand unerring leads ;
And o'er the path thy heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid ;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thy aid !

O let my heart confess thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.

TO A MOTHER ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

SAY, while you press, with growing love,
The darling to your breast,
And all a mother's pleasures prove,
Are you entirely blest ?

Ah, no ! a thousand tender cares
By turns your thoughts employ,
Now rising hopes, now anxious fears,
And grief succeeds to joy.

Dear innocent, her lovely smiles
With what delight you view !
But every pain the infant feels,
The mother feels it too.

Then whispers busy cruel fear,
The child, alas, may die !
And nature prompts the ready tear,
And heaves the rising sigh.

Say, does not heaven our comforts mix
With more than equal pain ;
To teach us if our hearts we fix
On earth, we fix in vain ?

Then, be our earthly joys resign'd,
Since here we cannot rest :
For earthly joys were ne'er design'd
To make us fully blest.

CAPTIVITY.

ANGELS, happy spirits, say,
When you trace the airy way,
Sent on messages of love,
From the radiant courts above,
Down to these abodes of night,
Far from empyrean light ;
Say, can blest immortals know
Sympathy for human woe,
While you view the scenes of pain,
Captives struggling with their chain ?
Hated chain, that binds to earth
Spirits of ethereal birth ;
Birth at first to yours akin,
Now enslav'd, alas ! by sin ;
Cursed sin, the source of woe,
All the miseries below,
From the hateful tyrant flow !
Yet we bear the cruel chain,
Only now and then complain ;
Now and then with mournful eye
Raise a wish, and breathe a sigh,
Upward to our native sky.
But how soon to liberty,
Cold and negligent are we,
Sink supine, and dream of ease !
How, alas ! can fetters please ?

Can we hope for crowns on high,
Yet content in bondage lie,
Exiles from the blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God?
Surely if the sons of bliss
Feel a grief it must be this.

O for one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day !
Sun of Righteousness arise,
Chase the slumbers from our eyes,
Melt the chains with heavenly fire :
Fervent love and strong desire,
From thy love alone begin :
Thou canst break the power of sin ;
Thou canst bid our spirits rise,
Free and joyful, to the skies ;
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of Righteousness, are thine.

INGRATITUDE REPROVED.

YE warblers of the vernal shade,
Whose artless music charms my ear,
Your lively songs, my heart upbraid,
My languid heart how insincere !
While all your little powers collected raise
A tribute to your great Creator's praise.

Ye lovely offspring of the ground,
Flowers of a thousand beauteous dyes,
You spread your Maker's glory round,
And breathe your odours to the skies :
Unsullied you display your lively bloom,
Unmingled you present your sweet perfume.

Ye winds that waft the fragrant spring,
You, whispering, spread his name abroad,
Or shake the air with sounding wing,

And speak the awful power of God :
His will, with swift obedience, you perform,
Or in the gentle gale, or dreadful storm.

Ye radiant orbs that guide the day,
Or deck the sable veil of night ;
His wondrous glory you display,
Whose hand imparts your useful light :
Your constant task, unwearied, you pursue,
Nor deviate from the path your Maker drew.

My God, shall every creature join
In praises to thy glorious name,
And this ungrateful heart of mine
Refuse the universal theme ?
Well may the stars and winds, the birds and flowers,
Reprove the heart that brings not all its powers.

Thy grace this languid heart can raise,
These dissipated powers unite,
Can bid me pay my debt of praise
With love sincere, and true delight ;
Oh let thy grace inspire my heart, my tongue !
Then shall I grateful join creation's song.

A RURAL MEDITATION.

WHAT soft delight the peaceful bosom warms,
When nature dressed in all her vernal charms
Around the beauteous landscape smiles serene,
And crowns with every gift the lovely scene !
In every gift the donor shines confessed,
And heavenly bounty cheers the grateful breast.
Now lively verdure paints the laughing meads,
And o'er the fields wide-waving plenty spreads.
Here woodbines climb, dispensing odours round ;
There smiles the pink, with humble beauties
crown'd,

And while the flowers their various charms disclose,
Queen of the garden, shines the blushing rose.
The fragrant tribes display their sweetest bloom,
And every breezy whisper breathes perfume.

But this delightful season must decay ;
The year rolls on, and steals its charms away,
How swift the gaily transient pleasure flies !
Stern winter comes, and every beauty dies.
The fleeting bliss while pensive thought deplores
The mind in search of nobler pleasure soars ;
And seeks a fairer paradise on high,
Where beauties rise and bloom, that never die.
There winter ne'er invades with hostile arms,
But everlasting spring displays her charms ;
Celestial fragrance fills the blest retreats,
Unknown to earth in all her flowery sweets.
Enraptur'd, there the mind unwearied roves
Through flowery paths, and ever-verdant groves ;
Such blissful groves not happy Eden knew,
Nor fancy's boldest pencil ever drew.
No sun departing, leaves the scene to mourn
In shades, and languish for his kind return ;
Or with short visits cheers the wintry hours,
And faintly smiles on nature's drooping powers.
But there the Deity himself displays
The bright effulgence of his glorious rays ;
Immortal life and joy his smile bestows,
And boundless bliss for ever, ever flows.

SOLITUDE.

SOFTLY-pleasing Solitude,
Were thy blessings understood ;
Soon would thoughtless mortals grow
Tired of noise and pomp and show ;
And with thee retreating, gain
Pleasure, crowds pursue in vain.

True, the friendly social mind
Joy in converse oft can find ;
Not where empty mirth presides,
But with those whom wisdom guides.
Yet the long-continued feast
Sometimes palls upon the taste ;
Kind alternate, then to be
Lost in thought awhile with thee.
Intellectual pleasures here
In their truest light appear ;
Grave reflection, friendly power,
Waits the lonely silent hour :
Spread before the mental eye,
Actions past in order lie ;
By reflection's needful aid,
Latent errors are display'd :
Thus humility is taught,
Thus confirm'd the better thought.
Friends and soothing praise apart,
Solitude unveils the heart,
When the veil is thrown aside,
Can we see a cause for pride ?
Empty is the heart and poor,
Stripp'd of all its fancied store ;
Conscious want awakes desire,
Bids the restless wish aspire,
Wish for riches never found
Through the globe's capacious round !
Contemplation, sacred guest,
Now inspires the ardent breast,
Spreads her wing, and bids the mind,
Rise and leave the world behind.
Now the mind enraptur'd soars ;
All the wealth of India's shores
Is but dust beneath her eye ;
Nobler treasures kept on high,
Treasures of eternal joy,
Now her great pursuit employ.

Mansions of immense delight !
 Language cannot say how bright !
 See ! the opening gates display
 Beaming far, immortal day !
 See ! inviting angels smile,
 And applaud the glorious toil !
 Hark ! they tune the charming lyre ;
 Who can hear and not desire ?
 O the sweet, though distant strain !
 All the joys of earth, how vain !
 Nearer fain the mind would rise,
 Fain would gaze with eager eyes
 On the glories of the skies ;
 But mortality denies.
 Dusky vapours cloud her sight,
 Down she sinks to earth and night !
 Then to friendship calls again,
 Gentle solace of her pain !
 Friendship, with thy pleasing power,
 Come and cheer the mournful hour ;
 Only solitude and thee
 Can afford a joy for me.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES HERVEY.*

O HERVEY, honoured name, forgive the tear,
 That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
 Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
 Fond wish ! have kept thee from the seats of bliss.
 No more confin'd to these low scenes of night,
 Pent in a feeble tenement of clay :
 Should we not rather hail thy glorious flight,
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.
 The blissful realms, where thy lov'd master reigns,
 Who taught thy pen its eloquence divine ;
 Whose presence now inspires to loftier strains,
 While all unveil'd his boundless glories shine.

* This is the original of the Epitaph, "Forgive, blest shade," &c.

Now, the celestial flame that warm'd thy breast,
And through thy heaven-taught page resplendent shone,

Exalted, joins the transports of the blest,
In language, ev'n to thee, on earth unknown.

Yes, we resign thee to thy Saviour God ;
O may his love, that taught thy feet the way,
Conduct our steps to that divine abode,
Where his full glories beam eternal day !

Yet its own loss must every heart deplore,
That feels the power of Hervey's moving page,
That wish'd, (but ah, that wish avails no more !)
His life prolong'd to bless the rising age.

O lost to earth !—no, in his works he lives,
Here shall the rising age his portrait view ;
Here, his own pen, the mind's bright image gives,
In fairer tints than painting ever knew.

His warm benevolence, his sacred zeal,
O may some blest, surviving Prophet find !
Like him who caught the mantle as it fell,
Heir to the graces of Elijah's mind.

While thus a stranger Muse presents the lay
To Hervey's memory due, to grace his urn,
Let friendship more distinguish'd honours pay,
And teach the world departed worth to mourn.

NO TRUE HAPPINESS BELOW.

BY daily observation are we taught
(Experience too confirms the mournful truth),
That perfect bliss on earth is never found.
When roses, gay and blooming, strew the path,
Sharp thorns intrude among them, scatter'd thick,
Nor can we escape unwounded ; sense of pain

Forbids delight ; and all we ask is ease.
 We taste a moment's ease ; our wishes rise
 In vain for happiness, the restless sigh
 Still heaves, the painful vacancy remains.
 If pleasure laughs a moment, is the joy,
 Or is the sigh which follows, most sincere ?
 When sweet content serenely smiles around,
 Like a fair summer evening ; ah, how soon
 The charming scene is lost ! the deepening shades
 Prevail, and nights approaches dark and sad,
 Till the last beam faint-glimmering dies away.

Father of spirits, who hast form'd my soul,
 Capacious of immortal happiness,
 O send a beam of heaven, dispel the gloom,
 Direct my upward view, and point my path
 To thee, in whom alone my soul can find
 That perfect bliss I seek in vain below.

DEVOTION.

HAPPY the mind, where true devotion glows !
 Immortal flame, enkindled from above,
 It upward rises, and to God alone
 (Its sacred source, its everlasting centre,)
 Aspiring, trembling, points ; attraction sweet,
 And powerful, though unseen, directs its aim.
 But ah ! too oft its force abated sinks,
 Damp'd with the gloomy fogs of sin and fear :
 The last faint spark scarce glimmering to the sight,
 And near expiring seems, till wak'd to life
 By that all-powerful word which gave it birth.
 But thus inspir'd, devotion flames anew,
 And bears the soul above those heavy clouds,
 Which frequent rise and clog its feeble wings.
 Unfetter'd thus, when thought expatiates free,
 What sweet enticements nature's charms afford
 To her Creator's praise, whose hand bestows

Unnumbered gifts, in fair variety
Dispens'd where'er the gazing eye can reach,
Or pleasing meditation lead the thought.
Life and its joys depend upon his smile :
Blest with his smile, the soul can see his hand
In every varying scene, and taste his love
In every good his bounteous hand bestows.
Inspir'd by him, the mind enraptur'd views
His bright perfections in his wondrous works,
The wise, the powerful, and the gracious God !
Wide o'er the fruitful fields and verdant meads
His bounty smiles ! amid the blooming flowers
Almighty skill appears, the breezy gale
Wafts on its wing, his goodness in their sweets !
On the clear winding rill his goodness flows !
Descends in kindly showers to bless the earth,
Or silent falls in soft refreshing dews !
In yon bright orb, the source of light and heat,
His glory shines with dazzling fervid ray !
And mildly beams in every twinkling star !
In all the God appears ! the father smiles !
Omnipotent and wise, and good, and kind !
His works all beauteous ! all harmonious join !
And charm the eye, and entertain the soul ;
Bid silent wonder mingle with delight,
And flow in adoration, love, and praise.

THE WISH.

SHOULD lavish wealth display her shining stores,
Or smiling fame her noblest wreaths present ;
Should pleasure, dressed in all her soothing charms,
Approach, their proffer'd joys were all in vain
To tempt my better hopes. There's nothing here
To feed the immortal mind ; no earthly good
Can fill my large desires, sublime they soar
Beyond this narrow scene of transient joy,
To God, the spring of life, the source of bliss,
Of perfect bliss, and everlasting life !

Low at thy glorious feet, eternal God,
 I prostrate fall, and humbly breathe my wish.
 I ask not riches, 'tis but gilded care,
 Nor fame, nor pleasure, fleeting shadows all,
 And vain delusive dreams of happiness !
 No, 'tis thy gracious presence, Lord, I ask,
 The cheering beams of thy almighty love :
 To these, earth's brightest charms appear no more,
 Than glow-worms lost amid the blaze of noon.
 An interest in thy favour, O my God,
 Is all my wish—for this alone contains
 Full happiness,—One ray of solid hope
 That thou art mine, is worth a thousand worlds.
 Thy presence, Lord, can gild the shades of death,
 And turn the darkness to celestial day.
 At thy approach, black doubt and gloomy fear
 Retreat like mists before the rising sun.
 While joys immortal dawning o'er the soul,
 Diffuse new life, and give a taste of heaven.
 O could I see, on thy dear hand impressed
 In lasting characters, my worthless name ;
 Could I without a wavering doubt behold
 Thy blissful face, and say, thou art my God !
 Not earth with all the charms it has in store,
 Should bribe my love, or draw my heart from thee.

AMBITION.

LET Fame the shining annals spread,
 Where she records her mighty dead,
 And boasting, promise an immortal name !
 Vain is her boast, her proud parade
 Sinks in oblivion's dreary shade ;
 Time, all-destroying time, forbids the claim.

Let her employ her utmost power,
 With radiance gild the present hour,

(Tis all she can) her fairest wreaths display ;
 What is the envied prize, decreed
 The living conqueror's glorious meed
 At best, the fading triumph of a day.

The Christian seeks a nobler prize,
 A fairer wreath attracts his eyes,
 Divine ambition in his bosom glows ;
 His hopes a crown immortal fires ;
 Jesus, the Lord of his desires,
 On faith, and humble love, the crown bestows.

Honours, unconscious of decay,
 While ages rise and roll away,
 Secur'd by perfect truth's unchanging word ;
 The victor's palm, the robe of state,
 Laid up in heaven, the christian wait,
 Triumphant, through his dying, rising Lord.

His name, enroll'd among the just,
 When sculptur'd monuments are dust,
 And mortal glory sinks in endless night ;
 Shall with immortal lustre shine,
 Wrote by the hand of love divine
 In life's fair book in characters of light.

Such is the Christian's glorious prize ;
 Thus high, his hopes, his wishes rise
 Inspir'd by blest ambition, heaven-born flame !
 O thou, the source of bliss divine,
 My heart renew, exalt, refine !
 Nor let me bear in vain the Christian's name.

A THOUGHT IN SICKNESS.

HOW weak, how languid is th' immortal mind !
 Prison'd in clay ! ah, how unlike her birth !
 These noble powers for active life design'd,
 Depress'd with pain and grief, sink down to earth.

Unworthy dwelling of a heaven-born guest !

Ah no !—for sin, the cause of grief and pain,
Taints her first purity, forbids her rest ;

And justly is she doom'd to wear the chain.

To wear the chain—how long ? till grace divine

By griefs and pains shall wean from earthly toys ;
Till grace convince, invigorate, refine,

And thus prepare the mind for heavenly joys.

Then, O my God, let this reviving thought

To all thy dispensations reconcile ;

Be present pains with future blessings fraught,

And let my cheerful hope look up and smile.

Look up and smile, to hail the glorious day,

(Jesus, to thee, this blissful hope I owe,)

When I shall leave this tenement of clay,

With all its frailties, all its pains below,

Jesus, in thee, in thee I trust, to raise

Renew'd, refin'd and fair, this frail abode ;

Then my whole frame shall speak thy wondrous
praise,

For ever consecrated to my God.

A REFLECTION ON A WINTER EVENING.

NOW faintly smile day's hasty hours,

The fields and gardens mourn,

Nor ruddy fruits, nor blooming flowers

Stern winter's brow adorn.

Stern winter throws his icy chains

Encircling nature round :

How bleak, how comfortless the plains !

Late with gay verdure crown'd.

The sun withdraws his vital beams,

And light and warmth depart,

And drooping, lifeless, nature seems

An emblem of my heart.

My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad !

Ere long the sun with genial ray,
Shall cheer the mourning earth,
And blooming flowers and verdure gay
Renew their annual birth.

So, if my soul's bright sun impart
His all-enlivening smile,
The vital ray shall cheer my heart ;
Till then, a frozen soil.

Then faith, and hope, and love shall rise
Renew'd to lovely bloom,
And breathe accepted to the skies,
Their humble, sweet perfume.

Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray ;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

But while to this low world confin'd
Where changeful seasons roll,
My blooming pleasures will decline,
And winter pain my soul

O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns ;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains !

Great source of light thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

THE ELEVATION.

WHILE I survey the azure sky
With wonder and delight,
A thousand beauties meet my eye,
A thousand lambent glories deck the night.
I do not ask to know their names,
Nor their magnitude enquire ;
What avails it me to prove
Which are fix'd and which remove ?
Let the sons of science rove
Through the boundless fields of space,
And amazing wonders trace ;
Bright worlds beyond those starry flames,
My nobler curiosity inspire.

When o'er the shining plain,
Thought ranges unconfin'd,
Night with her sparkling train
Awhile may entertain,
But cannot fix the mind.
The restless mind insatiate still,
(Which all creation cannot fill,)
Fain would arise,
Beyond the skies,
And leave their glittering wonders far behind.
Beyond them brighter wonders dwell,
By mortal eyes unseen ;
Not angel eloquence can tell
The endless glories of the blissful scene.
Wonders, all to sense unknown !
Glories, seen by faith alone !
Come, faith, with heaven-illumin'd ray,
Arise, and lead the shining way,
And teach my longing mind
The path of life to find ;
A path proud science never found
In all her wide unwearied round ;

A path by bold philosophy untried :
Nor will I ask the twinkling eyes of night :
The sacred word alone directs my flight,
Nor can I miss my way with this unerring guide.

From awful Calvary the flight begins ;
For there the burthened mind
Divine relief can find ;
'Tis there she drops her load of sins ;
Accursed load, which held her from the skies !
'Tis love, almighty love,
Which bids the load remove,
And shows the heavenly way, and bids my soul arise :
Jesus, the true, the living way
To the blissful realms of day !
Come, dearest Lord, my heart inspire
With faith, and love, and warm desire ;
And bear me, raptur'd, to the blest abode,
Thy glorious dwelling, O my Saviour God !

In those happy worlds are given
To the favourites of heaven,
Mansions brighter far
Than the brightest star
Which gilds the fair etherial plains.
Stars must resign their temporary ray,
These shine resplendent with immortal day,
Nor cloud, nor shade, their spotless glory stains.
Radiant mansions, all divine !
They shall for ever, ever shine
With undecaying light ;
When stars no more shall set and rise,
And all these fair expanded skies
Are roll'd away, and lost in everlasting night.

Adieu, ye shining fields of air,
Ye spangled heavens, that look so fair,
And smiling court the eye ;
Your fading beauties charm no more,

While contemplation lost in sweet amaze,
Dwells on the splendours of a brighter sky :
But, O my soul, at humble distance gaze,
With trembling joy adore.

There reigns the eternal source of light,
Full-beaming from his awful throne
Dazzling glories—Oh, how bright !

To thought unknown.

Too strong the unsufferable day
For the strongest angel's eye !
Seraphs veil'd and prostrate lie

Adoring at his feet :

But love attempers every ray,
And mingles holy awe with bliss divinely sweet.

Ecstatic joy ! immense delight !
Here fainting contemplation dies,
The glory overwhelms her sight ;
Nor faith can look with stedfast eyes.
No more, my soul, attempt no more
Those awful glories to explore,
From frail mortality conceal'd.

Yet in the sacred word,
I may behold my Lord ;
In those celestial lines

A ray of glory shines,
Pointing upward to the skies ;
Scenes of joy, though distant, rise,
To faith, and hope, and humble love reveal'd.

Jesus, whom my soul adores,
O let thy reviving ray,
(Sweet dawn of everlasting day,) •
With heavenly radiance cheer my fainting powers ;
And when I drop this mortal load,
Free and joyful to the sky
Let my raptur'd spirit fly,

With unknown swiftness wing the aerial road,
And find a mansion in thy bright abode.
Transporting thought—and shall I see
The heavenly friend who died for me?
While seraphs tune the golden lyre,
Jesus, to thy charming name,
Let me join the blissful choir,
Thy love the everlasting theme!
But not the joy-resounding lay,
Harmonious o'er the worlds above,
Through endless ages can display,
Dear Saviour, half the glories of thy love.

PLEASURE.

HOW vain a thought is bliss below!
'Tis all an airy dream!

How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream!

Now gaily painted bubbles rise
With varied colours bright;
They break, the short amusement flies—
Can this be call'd delight?

Transparent now, and all serene
The gentle current flows:
While fancy draws the flattering scene,
How fair the landscape shows!

But soon its transient charms decay,
When ruffling tempests blow;
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in woe.

Why do I here expect repose?
Or seek for bliss in vain?
Since every pleasure earth bestows,
Is but dissembled pain.

O let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond these seats of night ;
In heaven substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight !
There pleasure flows for ever clear ;
And rising to the view
Such dazzling scenes of joy appear,
As fancy never drew.
No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles ;
But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembled smiles.
Adieu to all below the skies,
Celestial guardian come !
On thy kind wing my soul would rise
To her eternal home.

WRITTEN IN MAY,

AFTER A SEASONABLE SHOWER OF RAIN.

HOW chang'd the face of nature shows,
How gay the rural scene !
A fairer bloom the flowers disclose,
The meads a livelier green.
While beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day !
And hark ! the feather'd warblers sing !
'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
How kind the influence of the skies !
These showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.

O let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field and grove.

That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

That hand in this hard heart of mine
Can make each virtue live,
And kindly showers of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give.

O God of nature, God of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart !
And bid sweet meditation trace
Spring blooming in my heart !

Inspir'd to praise I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song :
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

CELESTIAL content, inexhaustible treasure !
The man that enjoys thee requires no addition ;
In thee he possesses wealth, honour, and pleasure :
O happy condition !

With pity he looks on the many, pursuing
The trifles of earth with such eager attention,
And straining, in chase of their utter undoing,
Their tortur'd invention.

Then upward on faith's friendly pinion he rises,
With rapture the glorious reversion beholding ;
The gates to that bliss, which his longing heart prizes
(Tho' distant) unfolding.

On inviolate truth while his hopes are depending,
 Nor terrors affright, nor afflictions depress him ;
 Assur'd, tho' to death's gloomy mansions fast tending,
 His God will still bless him.

Releas'd from the sorrows of time his glad spirit
 Shall leave its weak partner, and joyfully soaring,
 The promis'd possession begin to inherit ;
 With angels adoring.

He knows that his body, the grave now detaining,
 In Jesus' bright image hereafter arising,
 Shall surely rejoin him, no sorrow remaining,
 Corruption despising.

Then with heaven's fair armies in triumph ascending
 Partake of delights ever new and abounding ;
 Enraptur'd before the bright throne lowly bending
 Salvation resounding.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE MIND.

WHY is the heaven-descended mind
 (For nobler purposes design'd)
 So close attach'd to frail unthinking clay ?
 Fain would she taste the joys of light
 And meditate her upward flight ;
 But her weak partner cannot bear the day.

If now and then a ray divine
 With sweet attractive lustre shine,
 And upward tempt her half-expanded wings :
 The pains or appetites of sense
 Retard her flight with fair pretence,
 And chain her joyless down to trifling things.

How blest the unbodied minds above,
 Who still desire, delight, and love,
 And naught impedes the work, or clouds the joy !

No listless inattention there,
 Nor tempting toy, nor gloomy care ;
 Celestial pleasure smiles without alloy !

O happy period ! blissful day !
 (Hope, cheerful hails its distant ray,
 Though rising tears stand trembling in her eyes,)
 When this gross heavy clay refin'd,
 A fit companion for the mind,
 To active, joyful, endless life shall rise !

Jesus, to thee alone I owe
 Each cheering glimpse of heaven below,
 And thou canst bid the longing mind ascend :
 Though dull mortality impede,
 She spurns the weight if thou but lead ;
 On thee alone her strength and hope depend.

Oh speak the word ! her joyful wings
 Shall leave this scene of little things
 For the fair regions of immense delight !
 One kind assuring word of thine
 Confirms the bright reversion mine,
 And faith shall bid adieu to earth and night.

WRITTEN IN A PAINFUL ILLNESS.

INDULGENT father, ever gracious God,
 Low at thy feet submissive I adore
 Thy chastening hand, nor murmur at the rod :
 Yet thy supporting arm I must implore.
 Thou holy, wise and kind, O bid my heart
 In patient silence wait thy sovereign will !
 Sweet consolation let thy voice impart,
 And say to every anxious thought "be still."
 Say to my heart, that often hath preferr'd
 To thy kind ear, the supplicating sigh ;
 "Be comforted, be strong, thy suit is heard ;
 Behold my all-sufficient grace is nigh !"

Oft have I wish'd to have my heart refin'd
By cleansing grace ; desir'd, and long'd to wear
The bright resemblance of my Saviour's mind,
His gentle, humble virtues copied there.

O may the rod the happy end promote
To humble, cleanse, renew this heart of mine !
And may thy grace assist me to devote
Its powers to thee alone, for they are thine !

If the short remnant of my fleeting time
Be near it's period ; teach, O teach my soul
On faith's fair wing, to reach that blissful clime
Where time's quick-circling wheels no more shall
roll !

Oppress'd with pain my feeble powers decay,
The springs of life wear out, the vital flame
Seems quivering near its exit. Is the day
At hand which shall dissolve this mortal frame ?

If this frail tottering mansion soon should fall,
Art thou, my soul, prepar'd to take thy flight ?
Prepar'd, at thy almighty Father's call,
To quit, with joy, the scenes of mortal night ?

Or canst thou patient see death's threatening dart,
And o'er the expecting grave long-lingering bend,
To drop thy dying partner, loth to part,
While yet thy hopes and wishes upward tend ?

What mean these questions ?—all depends on thee,
My Saviour God : speak to my trembling heart :
Say " thou art mine," that word is life to me,
And I can smile at death's tremendous dart !

Whether he threaten long, or sudden rend
This mortal frame, and set my spirit free ;
That moment let thy angel guards attend,
And bear me safe to life, to heaven and thee.

DESIRING A THANKFUL DEVOTION TO GOD.

MY great preserver, to thy gracious hand
My life, my safety, and my all I owe;
New gratitude thy favours still demand,
And still my numerous obligations grow.

Oft hast thou listen'd to my humble prayer,
Oft, at my cry, unwearied mercy came :
O be thy goodness, thy indulgent care,
My constant refuge, my delightful theme !

When warm'd with grateful love to thee, my Lord,
My thoughts begin to count thy favours o'er,
The boundless sum, what numbers can record?
How vain th' attempt ! astonish'd I adore !

Yet I may love thee, this is thy command,
Thy kind command, O make me all thy own !
My powers, my passions, Lord, are in thy hand,
And thou canst mould them for thy use alone.

This worthless heart to thee I would resign,
Poor as it is, thy sovereign hand can raise
A monument to thee, enrich, refine,
And there inscribe thy mercies and thy praise.

Thy wondrous praise, not all creation's tongues
In one harmonious concert, can display ;
Not the celestial choir's enraptur'd songs,
Through vast eternity's unbounded day.

And shall a reptile of the dust aspire
To join with angels in their high employ ?
Lord, at thy feet, I lay my trembling lyre
In silent awe, yet mix'd with humble joy.

Yet if thou bid me try the heavenly theme,
And bless me with thy smile, my lyre again
On every string shall sound thy glorious name,
Thy smile shall animate the feeble strain !

If thou accept, and aid my wish to praise,
 Then shall my heart with glad devotion bring
 (But ah, how mean the gift !) her sweetest lays
 To thee, my gracious God, my glorious king.

All I enjoy, and all I hope is thine,
 Unworthiness alone belongs to me ;
 Inspire me, O my God, with love divine,
 And make my life a hymn of praise to thee.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

*I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my
 sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.*
 2 Cor. vi. 18.

EXTENSIVE promise ! O what hopes divine,
 What rich delight, the gracious words impart !
 My father ! when my faith can call thee mine,
 A ray of heaven illuminates my heart.

Lord, if thy word confirm my heavenly birth,
 And bid me say " my Father," then I live ;
 Not all the tenderest, dearest names on earth,
 Can half the pleasure, half the transport give.

The Lord Almighty deigns (amazing thought ;)
 To call us children, (once the heirs of woe,)
 Sweet words of consolation, richly fraught
 With all the blessings mercy can bestow.

His eye attentive marks his children's way,
 He guides them safe, though dangers lurk unseen :
 Though sorrow's gloomy clouds o'ershade the day,
 Secure on his Almighty arm they lean.

His ear, indulgent to their feeble prayer,
 Receives each rising wish, each plaintive sigh ;
 His kind, compassionate, paternal care
 Knows all their wants, and will those wants supply.

When foes unnumbered rise, and fear alarms,
His constant love immediate succour lends,
Encircled in their father's guardian arms,
Foes rise in vain, omnipotence defends.

All needful present good his hand provides,
But what their future portion? Angels tell,
(For mortal language fails,) where he resides,
What blooming joys, what boundless raptures
dwell.

But not the natives of that glorious place,
Not all the bliss-resounding songs above,
Can e'er display the riches of his grace;
Or count the endless wonders of his love.

O could those distant seats of joy impart
A moment of their bliss! how would it raise,
How would it animate this languid heart,
In these dark regions, to begin his praise!

Yet from his word, a bright enlivening ray
Shines on my heart, while all my powers adore;
Jesus, whose wondrous love mark'd out the way,
Jesus, the heavenly friend, is gone before.

Fair mansions in his father's blest abode
That heavenly friend prepares, and joys unknown.
By him presented to their Father God,
His children bow before the eternal throne.

In his prevailing, his accepted name,
Father, my soul adores beneath thy feet;
Let his full merits plead my humble claim,
And raise my hope to joy divinely sweet.

A REFLECTION ON HEARING THE BELL AT THE
INTERMENT OF A NEIGHBOUR.

THAT sound e'er long shall mark the solemn hour
When this weak frame, inanimate and cold,
By fellow mortals borne, shall be consign'd
To its dark mansion in the silent grave.
Perhaps, the sigh of tender grief shall heave,
The tear of friendship flow : in sable clad,
Perhaps surviving relatives will move
In slow procession to the house of death ;
While sad reflection speaks--"Behold your home!"
But what avails or friendship's tenderest tear,
Or sorrow's deepest groan, or sable robes,
Or all the sad solemnity of woe,
Which grief, or custom waste on senseless clay ?
Where will my spirit be?—O ye kind few !
Whose faithful hearts shall mourn the friend you
lov'd,
Whose thoughts, while nature prompts the tender
sigh,
Shall rise, perhaps, beyond the gloomy scene,
By cheerful hope invited, and pursue
That part which cannot die—assist me now !
Now while your love may profit, teach my heart
All that your brighter hope or stronger faith
Hath seen or tasted of the joys to come !
The inevitable hour demands it all.
Lead me ! O lead me to that sovereign balm
For death's keen pang, that only antidote
Against the mortal poison, blood divine !
Lead me—ah no—that dear, almighty friend,
Whose bleeding veins pour'd health, and life, and bliss
For wretches guilty, perishing, undone,
Alone can lead, support and cheer my soul !
Jesus, my Lord, on thee my all depends,
My everlasting all ! O let me feel

In that dread hour when earthly comforts fail,
 Thy love, sweet cordial to my fainting heart !
 Infusing strength divine ; its vital force
 Shall bid me rise superior in the conflict
 With nature's foe, and tune my quivering lips
 To holy rapture ! let thy glorious name,
 My Lord, my Saviour, dwell upon my tongue !
 While guardian angels join the blissful theme,
 Till my glad spirit quits her house of clay,
 And rises, with the messengers of heaven,
 To join the blest assembly which thy love
 Hath ransom'd, cleans'd and rais'd beyond the reach
 Of sin and death, in transports all unknown
 To frail mortality ! to join the song
 For ever new, to thy almighty love.

DESIRING THE GRACIOUS PRESENCE OF GOD.

ALAS ! my heart, where is thy absent God,
 Arise and search, nor languish hopeless here,
 See o'er creation's frame diffus'd abroad,
 His power, his wisdom and his love appear !

But chiefly of his sacred word enquire,
 There faith and hope diviner glories trace,
 Seek with the ardour of sincere desire,
 For nature's father is the God of grace.

His sacred word invites me to his feet,
 Reveals forgiveness rich and full and free,
 The voice of mercy, how divinely sweet ;
 O be the heavenly accents spoke to me !

God of my life, thy radiant face reveal !
 For thou art near though clouds obstruct my sight :
 Thy voice divine can every cloud dispel
 O speak, and give me comfort, give me light !

Thy word permits, commands to seek thy face,
 Nor shall the humble mourner seek in vain :
 Thou wilt reward the search, thy word of grace
 Inviolable for ever must remain.

Thy word of grace—rich treasure of delight !
 (O let my soul recall her comforts past)
 Not morn's fair dawn is dearer to the sight !
 Nor honey sweeter to the longing taste.

And shall those heavenly sweets no more be mine?
 Return ye blissful moments to my heart !
 Dispel the cloud, O God of mercy, shine,
 And life, and peace and happiness impart !

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

LORD of my life to thee my powers belong,
 Thy mercies are my chief, my darling theme ;
 To thee be first inscrib'd the votive song
 With warmest gratitude, with love supreme ;
 On thee my life and all its powers depend,
 My gracious guardian, my unchanging friend.

O be that life, which thy indulgent hand
 Sustain'd when sinking to the shades of death,
 Devoted to thy praise, whose kind command
 Restores my wasting strength and shortening
 breath.

Be my remaining hours entirely thine,
 My strength and breath employ'd in work divine.

Yet next to heaven to friendship's honour'd name
 The lay which grateful love inspires is due ;
 With lenient hand she nurs'd the vital flame,
 When faintly glimmering it almost withdrew :
 Heaven smil'd indulgent on her tender care,
 Blest were her efforts, answer'd was her prayer.

The lay which friendship claims heaven will approve,
 Since first to heaven the grateful strains aspire :
 Sacred to filial and fraternal love,
 Be the next labours of the tuneful lyre.
 O may the love that animates my lay
 Procure acceptance for the thanks I pay.

But never can these languid notes express
 My heart's warm wishes ardent as they rise ;
 Yet he, who knows their meaning, he can bless ;
 Unmeasur'd bounty every good supplies.
 O be the friends who claim my grateful love,
 A blessing here, completely blest above.

DESIRING A CHEERFUL RESIGNATION TO THE
 DIVINE WILL.

WHY breathes my anxious heart the frequent
 sigh ?

Why from my weak eye drops the ready tear ?
 Is it to mark how present blessings fly ?
 Is it that griefs to come awake my fear ?

O may I still with thankful heart enjoy
 The various gifts indulgent heaven bestows !
 Nor let ungrateful diffidence destroy
 The present good with fears of future woes.

Nor let me curious ask if dark or fair
 My future hours, but in the hand divine
 With full affiance leave my every care :
 Be hope, and humble resignation mine.

Celestial guests ! your smile can cheer the heart
 When melancholy spreads her deepening gloom :
 O come, your animating power impart,
 And bid sweet flowers amid the desert bloom.

Yes, here and there, amid the dreary wild,
 A spot of verdure cheers the languid eye :
 And now and then a sun-beam warm and mild,
 Sheds its kind influence from a clement sky.

My God, my guide, be thou for ever near,
 Support my steps, point out my devious way,
 Preserve my heart from every anxious fear,
 Gild each dark scene with thy enlivening ray.

Be earth's quick changing scenes or dark, or fair,
 On thy kind arm O bid my soul recline :
 Be heaven-born hope (kind antidote of care)
 And humble cheerful resignation mine.

RETIREMENT.

HAIL peaceful retirement, thy shades how
 serene!

With thee in all ages the wise have sought pleasure,
 Meditation and converse the sweet varied scene
 Alternately measure.

Here freely expatiate the rational powers,
 Thy aid, O divine contemplation, inspiring ;
 While wisdom and knowledge unlock their bright
 stores,

The mind still desiring.

Ye votaries of pleasure, of grandeur and fame,
 Leave your eager pursuit of the shadows before ye ;
 Seek peaceful retirement, where more than in name
 Dwell pleasure and glory.

'Tis here, when content from the seats of delight
 Descends, to give mortals a blest prelibation
 Of permanent pleasure and joys ever bright,
 She fixes her station.

Sweet guest of retirement, O come to my breast !
 I can pity the minds which deluded pursuing
 Their phantoms gay-smiling, refuse to be blest,
 And choose their undoing.

TO MY WATCH.

LITTLE Monitor, by thee
 Let me learn what I should be ;
 Learn the round of life to fill,
 Useful and progressive still.
 Thou canst gentle hints impart
 How to regulate the heart :
 When I wind thee up at night,
 Mark each fault, and set thee right :
 Let me search my bosom too,
 And my daily thoughts review ;
 Mark the movements of my mind,
 Nor be easy when I find
 Latent errors rise to view,
 Till all be regular and true.

TO ———, ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

THOUGH nature's voice you must obey,
 Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
 That hand, which takes your joys away,
 That sovereign hand can heal your woe.

And while your mournful thoughts deplore
 The father gone, remov'd the friend !
 With heart resign'd, his grace adore,
 On whom your nobler hopes depend.

Does he not bid his children rise
 Through death's dark shades, to realms of light ?
 Yet, when he calls them to the skies,
 Shall fond survivors mourn their flight ?

His word (here let your soul rely)
Immortal consolation gives :
Your heavenly father cannot die,
Jesus the friend, for ever lives.

O be that dearest friend your trust,
On his almighty arm recline ;
He, when your comforts sink in dust,
Can give you blessings more divine.

TO AN INFANT THREE WEEKS OLD.

CAN I bid thee, lovely stranger,
Welcome to a world of care ?
Where attends thee many a danger,
Where awaits thee many a snare ?

Hence, away, ye dark surmises,
Hope presents a fairer scene ;
Many a blooming pleasure rises,
Many a sunbeam shines serene.

O may providence defend thee !
Circled in its guardian arms,
Dangers may in vain attend thee.
Safe amid surrounding harms.

Shall I wish the world caressing ?
Wish thee pleasure, grandeur, wealth ?
No—but many a nobler blessing ;
Wisdom, virtue, friendship, health.

May'st thou know the gracious donor,
Early know, and love and praise !
Then shall real wealth and honour,
Peace and pleasure crown thy days.

THE HUMBLE CLAIM.

MY God—important, glorious, blissful name !
Can I without a fear assert my claim ?
I fear, yet hope, I doubt, and yet desire,
Now tremble low on earth, and now aspire,
Aspire to love—ah vile, ungrateful heart !
Canst thou sincerely love, and yet depart,
So oft depart, entic'd by earthly toys,
In chase of dreams forsake substantial joys ?

His word recalls my heart, invites my trust ;
That word reveals him, merciful and just :
Kind mercy, smiling power, forbids despair ;
But who, O Justice, who thy frown can bear ?
He bore the frown, the stroke of justice, He
Who died for man—O may I say, for me !
Then justice sheath'd her sword, and reconcil'd,
Own'd the full ransom paid—and mercy smil'd,
Triumphant mercy !—how divinely bright !
How angels gaz'd, and wonder'd at the sight !
Had angels cause of wonder ? Man has more ;
Yes, dearest Lord, I wonder, love, adore !
My Saviour, O permit my humble trust,
Permit my soul, though mourning in the dust,
To look to thee, my hope, my only stay !
And sure, thou wilt not frown my soul away,
For thou art love ; thou wilt not say, "Depart,"
But, "give me, trembling sinner, all thy heart."
To thee, my heart, dear Saviour, I resign,
Thy grace, with sweet constraint can make it thine !
Vile wretched heart ! thy powerful grace alone
Can cleanse, renew, and make it all thy own.
O let thy love, thy all-prevailing love,
Possess my heart, and every fear remove !
Then shall my soul assert her joyful claim,
Great Mediator, in thy worthy name !

Then shall I say, my God, with full delight,
 While all his promises my trust invite !
 My God, transporting accents ! bliss divine !
 Indulge the claim, O let me call thee mine !
 O may my panting heart to thee aspire,
 With restless wishes, with intense desire,
 Till full assurance of thy love impart
 The dawn of heaven to my enraptur'd heart !

Ah what is earth, with all her flattering toys ?
 Ye dreams begone—I seek substantial joys !
 Substantial joys those glorious words contain,
 My God !—let not my heart repeat in vain,
 My God ! O seal my claim, and I am blest !
 Here my hope terminates, my wishes rest,
 Of full, unbounded happiness possess.

DESIRING TO BID ADIEU TO THE WORLD.

VEXATIOUS world, thy flattering snares
 Too long have held my easy heart ;
 And shalt thou still engross my cares ?
 Vain world, depart.

I want delights thou canst not give,
 Thy joys are bitterness and woe ;
 My pining spirit cannot live
 On aught below.

Enchanting prospects court the eye,
 And gay alluring pleasures smile ;
 But in the fond pursuit they die :
 Ah fruitless toil !

But grief, substantial grief is here,
 As gloomy as Egyptian night ;
 When will the smiling dawn appear
 Of true delight ?

How oft convinc'd shall I complain
That happiness cannot be found ?
Yet sighing, mourning, still in vain,
Cleave to the ground.

Look, Sovereign Goodness, from the skies,
Look down with gently-pitying eye ;
O bid my fainting spirit rise :
To thee I sigh.

With beams of sweet celestial light,
Dispel the dark oppressive gloom ;
Display the mansions of delight,
And bid me come.

Those shining realms of endless day
Could I one happy moment view,
Then should my soul with transport say,
Vain world, adieu.

SUPPORT IN TROUBLE.

THOUGH terrors late alarm'd my breast,
And rais'd a threatening tempest there,
Yet, Lord, my passions own thy hand,
The storm subsides at thy command,
And now my calmer thoughts attest
Thy well-tried love, thy long experienced care.

Faith, scarce discern'd a glimpse of light,
Hope languish'd with dejected eye,
Reason (weak empress of the mind)
To passion had the helm consign'd,
Loud was the storm and dark the night,
But thy supporting, guardian hand was nigh.

Almighty Saviour, gracious Lord,
Thou only refuge of my soul,

Thy sovereign voice when I can hear,
 I gain new strength to combat fear,
 Hope rests on thy unchanging word,
 Thy word can every rising fear control.

Hence, guilty diffidence be gone,
 With all thy train of boding fears ;
 Let faith and calm expectance wait,
 And cheerful hope, with eye sedate,
 Look up and watch the smiling dawn
 That through the sable veil of night appears.

That smiling dawn derives its ray
 From the full source of light divine ;
 O Sun of Righteousness, impart
 Thy healing radiance to my heart !
 Increasing till celestial day
 Dispel the gloom, and joy unclouded shine.

A REFLECTION ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR,
 Occasioned by hearing the bells at midnight.

IS this a theme of mirth ? who can rejoice
 That time, important time so swiftly flies ;
 And scorn reflection's monitory voice,
 The friendly power that woos us to be wise ?

For ever ye departed months, adieu !
 What heart that knows your value can be gay ?
 What heart that asks reflection's conscious view,
 How many hours fled unimprov'd away ?

Yet oft her warning voice, e'er yet they past,
 Cried, " seize the precious minutes, make them
 thine :
 Ah, how wilt thou account for so much waste
 Of treasure lent for purposes divine ?

O let my heart her needful dictates hear,
 To her the solemn midnight hour I give,
 And ask, while musing on the finish'd year,
 How I have spent the time, and why I live?

How have I spent the time? Reflection say!
 She answers "wasted many a precious hour,
 "In careless indolence lost many a day,
 "When heaven demanded every active power."

Why do I live? "Past errors to deplore,
 "Low at the feet of sovereign grace to bow,
 "For strength divine entreat (while I adore,)
 "To dedicate to heaven the fleeting now."

Jesus, to thee, to thy atoning blood,
 To thy unsullied righteousness I fly:
 O thou, my judge, my saviour, and my God,
 Instruct me how to live, and how to die.

OCCASIONED BY HEARING A FRIEND COMMEND
 MY VERSES.

COULD all the powers of eloquence divine
 But half the glories of my Lord display,
 How I should wish those unknown powers were mine
 To animate and raise the votive lay.

O could I rise, one happy minute rise!
 And hear the music of the blissful choir,
 Would not my heaven-enraptur'd mind despise
 The sweetest notes that tune this feeble lyre.

Yet is the subject of their song the same,
 Not angels know a nobler theme than mine;
 Thy grace, Emmanuel, bliss-inspiring name!
 Awakes the strain to ecstasy divine.

That grace, which smiles approving on their lays,
Bends lower still, and kindly deigns to own
A mortal's wishes to attempt thy praise,
When humble love presents them at thy throne.

My Lord, my life, does not thy love inspire
The warmest highest wish this bosom knows ?
O let that love employ this feeble lyre
Till with diviner force the passion glows !

Till (every mortal weakness left in dust)
Immortal life commences, then my tongue
To thee, dear object of my hope and trust,
With heaven's full choir shall tune a nobler song.

END OF THE POEMS.

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